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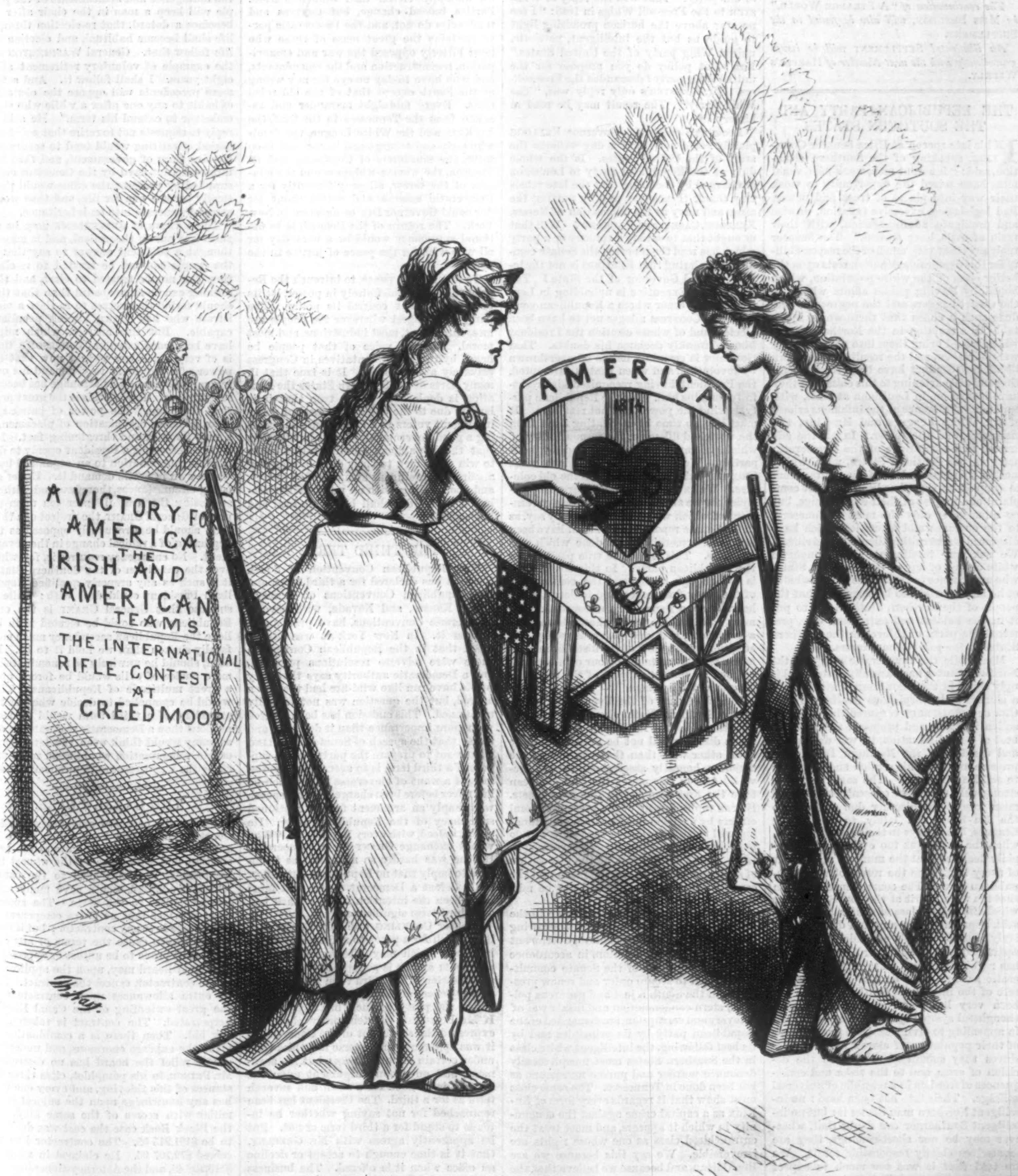
A VICTORY FOR AMERICA
THE IRISH AND AMERICAN TEAMS.
THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE CONTEST AT CREEDMOOR
AMERICA
1874
Th. Nast

HIBERNIA'S SHOT.

"In return, we may assure you that the warm American heart is a target you could not miss. It is too big not to be hit by such honorable guests, no matter how long the range."—*New York Herald.*

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 17, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with a beautiful double-page illustration, entitled "Singing for Bread," and an engraving from a humorous painting by Decamps, *entitled "The Monkey as a Dentist."*

The continuation of "A Strange World," *by* Miss Braddon, *will also be found in the* Supplement.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE SOUTHERN STATES.

In his late speech at Utica Senator Conkling, speaking of the Southern situation, said: "Ignorant men, weak men, venal men, have seized the opportunity to work their way into places of trust and power. Bad legislation, excessive taxation, unwise and profligate administration, with their train of evils, have ensued." The Senator truly says that very much of the responsibility for this deplorable situation rests upon the better class of the white population, which hoped, by leaving public affairs wholly to the carpet-baggers and the negroes, to produce such a chaos that there would inevitably be a reaction in the Northern States which would bring them into power. They were mistaken, and the results of their own ill-advised conduct have been so exasperating and disheartening to this class that they have looked on, in Louisiana at least, with apparent indifference at the infamous crimes of the White Leagues and Ku-Klux, the massacres, and the terror. In all the addresses and resolutions of the Democratic party in the Southern States, with which most of this better class of the whites seem to sympathize, there has been constant complaint and protest of their own wrongs, but no allusion, or only the most perfunctory, to the outrages and atrocities which have disgraced States calling themselves civilized. We ask any intelligent and thoughtful white citizen of any of the Southern States who may chance to read these words whether he has any right to be surprised that the people of the Northern States have, to put it in the baldest and extremest way, preferred the party of thieves in the Southern States to the party of murderers.

Meanwhile the Democratic party in the Northern States has carefully fostered this ugly spirit in their Southern brethren. If a sincere and conspicuous Southerner like Orr or Longstreet censured the policy of sullen inaction and proposed to make the best of a hard situation, he was denounced and derided by the Northern Democratic press as untrue to his section and as greedy to sell his birthright. The same press has strenuously sought to conceal, belittle, and misrepresent the disorder due formerly to the Ku-Klux, and lately to the White Leagues, but always to the same spirit, and, when the truth was too evident, have stupidly declared that the murders and crimes of every kind were the result of white Republican plots. The consequence has been that the worst spirit at the South, the spirit which the better class of whites, as we have said, apparently tolerates and does not actively repress, has felt emboldened and unrestrained, and bloody disorder in the South has regularly responded to Northern Democratic success. We do not deny that the fate of the intelligent Southern whites has been very hard, and deserving the most thoughtful sympathy. But they knew that in appealing to civil war when four millions of their population of eleven millions were slaves they submitted slavery to the decision of arms, and to the risks and consequences of freedom in a republic of universal suffrage. Their fate has been hard: no intelligent Northern man denies it: but no intelligent Southerner can doubt that, whatever may be our short-comings, they are themselves chiefly responsible for it. We are told that it was too much to expect them to acquiesce. But it is never too much to expect intelligent men to make the best rather than the worst of any situation.

When all is said, however, when we Republicans have agreed that the responsibility of the Southern situation rests mainly with the better whites, who first approved the black codes, then held sullenly aloof from politics, then gazed, indifferent, at the terror of the Ku-Klux and the White League—when we agree that a Democratic restoration would be simply a policy of national inaction for equal rights and justice, as its old policy was national action against them, and that such a restoration must therefore be prevented by all honorable means, have we as Republicans done all our duty? No, and no, and again no. When we have shown the situation and its cause, we have merely stated the question with which we have to deal. What is the remedy? That is the problem of statesmanship. That was the real question before the Utica Convention, so far as the influence of the State election upon national politics is concerned. We Republicans agree that a Democratic restoration forbids all hope of a wise and permanent settlement. But it is not enough to demand only the continued dominance of our party. That was the reply of Webster to the Free-soil Whigs in 1846: "I see no star above the horizon promising light to guide us but the intelligent, patriotic, united Whig party of the United States." But what policy do you propose for the united Whig party? demanded the Free-soilers. Mr. Webster's only reply was, "The Whig party." The result may be read in history.

Look at Louisiana. Governor Kellogg plainly could not stand a day without the army of the United States. Is the whole duty of the Republican party to Louisiana discharged by declaring that the late rebels may thank themselves, and by putting the army and navy at the disposition of Messrs. Kellogg, Casey, and Packard? Will that or ought that to satisfy a country or a party which has read the report of the Senate committee declaring that Kellogg is not the legally elected Governor of the State? The Republican Executive is upholding in Louisiana a Governor whom a Republican committee of Congress alleges not to have been elected, and of whose election the President himself frankly declares his doubts. That Governor is certainly not to be overthrown by revolution, and when that is attempted, the President, having recognized him, rightfully sustains him. But the Republican party, having the power, can not rest here. It must lose no time in extricating itself from the wretched dilemma, the responsibility of which, however, must be shared by both parties. We are doing in Louisiana what George the Third tried to do in the old colonies. We have our heel upon our own principles, for we are maintaining a State government of which we ourselves can only say, as in the Senate report, that it might have been legal had something been done which was not done. This is not the true position for the Republican party. In this situation it is not enough to demand the continuance of the party dominance, and to decry, as we heartily do, a Democratic restoration. We must add to these an emphatic demand of a consistent, just, and generous policy, the adoption of the view of the disorder in Louisiana which was taken by our own committee, and an earnest support of the measures recommended by them.

The chief care of the Republican policy in the Southern States should be to show all peaceable and intelligent citizens that while disorder will not be permitted, there is no other wish than that the will of the majority, honestly ascertained, should prevail. And in this policy the President can take the first step before Congress meets. He can replace many of the present Federal officers by men whose characters and standing will certify to all men that they will do nothing that endangers honest government. If an armed force is put at the disposition of such men in any State, the State and the country will know that it will not be misused.

Congress can take the second step in the Louisiana case by promptly withdrawing authority from the Kellogg government and ordering a new election, in accordance with the suggestion of the Senate committee. And if to secure order and renew prosperity in the South a just and generous policy, a stern condemnation and disavowal of thievery and corruption, are demanded of the Republican party by its principles and by its best following, the intelligent white class in the Southern States must unequivocally denounce murder and pursue murderers, as has been done in Tennessee. The same class must show that it regards every form of Ku-Klux as a capital crime against the community in which it appears, and must treat the enfranchised class as one whose rights are irreversible. We say this because we are Republican, and because we believe that the true Republican policy is to establish honest and reputable government in every disturbed State at the earliest moment. The Republican name is naturally repugnant to every honest man in the Southern States, however desirous of co-operating with the party he may be, who sees it chiefly in the form of rapacity and knavery of every kind. Let him feel that while the Republican party does not mean to tolerate the least wrong to the colored race which law can prevent, and while it resolutely opposes White Leagues and white men's parties as simply anarchical and mad, it is equally determined that justice and fair play for all shall be its policy. This is and has always been the spirit of the great mass of the party, and if its leaders do not comprehend it, it must find leaders that will.

But the class in the South of which we have spoken need not cherish the hope of a Democratic reaction. How just and invincible is the distrust of the party which the old South despised while it used, let the campaign of 1872 show. Resolved that its mask should be mistaken for its face, it declared that it was wholly changed, and offered its nomination of Mr. Greeley as the proof. The trick was contemptuously spurned, and its unhappy victim died broken-hearted. Parties indeed change, but motives and tendencies do not, and the Democratic party contains the great mass of those who most bitterly opposed the war and emancipation, reconstruction and the amendments, and who have to-day no eye for any wrong at the South except that of the old rebel class. Every midnight marauder and assassin from the Tennessee to the Gulf, the Ku-Klux and the White League, the fiends who strip and scourge and banish and massacre, the murderers of Coushatta and of Trenton, the women-whippers and the minions of the terror, all pray fervently for a Democratic success, and would shout for joy could Governor Dix be defeated in New York. The return of the Democrats to national supremacy would be a dark day for all who wish for the peace of justice in the South.

To secure that peace, to intrench the Republican party indefinitely in power, let its better sentiment control its policy. The party is strongest wherever the people are most intelligent, most industrious, and most moral. Let the voice of that people be heard by their representatives in Congress privately and publicly. It is true that in many parts of the Southern States the situation is deplorable. It is true that it is largely due to the culpable refusal of many intelligent voters to do their duty in securing a good government. Let it be also true that the Republican administration seeks to win these men to their duty by showing a spirit of intelligent sympathy, of justice, and good feeling, with an unswerving resolution that order shall be maintained and law enforced.

THE THIRD TERM.

The Republican Convention of South Carolina has declared for a third term, and the Republican Conventions of Pennsylvania, Kansas, and Nevada, with several Democratic Conventions, have pronounced against it. In New York it was understood that in the Republican Convention there were adverse resolutions prepared, and a Democratic authority says that they would have run like wild-fire had they been offered, but the question was not formally mentioned. This omission has been treated with more importance than it deserves, and to say that the speech of Senator Conkling was meant to prepare the party for the support of a third term is to accuse that gentleman of a want of cleverness with which he has never before been charged, for his speech was simply an argument for the continued supremacy of the Republican party. He asked, indeed, with every Republican, "Who would exchange Grant for a Democrat?" But he was hardly so maladroit as to intend to imply that no Republican but Grant could defeat a Democrat. And that must have been the intention if the remark had any third-term significance.

Senator Conkling probably thinks that it is foolish for a party to make general declarations which may afterward return to plague it; and he is perhaps of opinion that the question of the third term is not, in any proper sense, an issue, or a subject upon which the party, as such, has any opinion. If Mr. Pomeroy, the temporary chairman, expressed the sentiment of the Convention, it was apparently not averse to a third term under certain circumstances; but his argument, and any sound argument upon the subject, is as good for a sixth and seventh term as for a third. The President has been reproached for not saying whether he intends to stand for a third term or not. But he apparently agrees with Mr. Greeley, that it is time enough to accept or decline an office when it is offered. The business of those who think that there is any intention of nominating the President for a third term, and who are radically opposed to such a course, is not to ask him whether he wants it, or to say that it is foolish to discuss it, but to create a public opinion that will make the renomination impossible. It can not be said that a subject upon which State Conventions of both parties declare themselves is one in which there is no general interest.

Why, then, should the President be renominated? That he has been a good and patriotic magistrate is true; but if that be a sufficient reason for a third term, it is a sufficient reason for electing him for life. The Constitution and our theory of government assume that the Chief Magistrate will be honest and patriotic, but they provide for a stated election, that the evils of a permanent tenure may be avoided. However excellent an officer the President may be, it can not be supposed that he is the only citizen who can properly fill the office, and it must therefore be shown that the advantages of continuing him would plainly be greater than the perils of the precedent. These perils are of two kinds: the first is indicated by Jefferson. "The danger is," he said, "that the indulgence and attachments of the people will keep a man in the chair after he becomes a dotard, that re-election through life shall become habitual, and election for life follow that. General Washington set the example of voluntary retirement after eight years. I shall follow it. And a few more precedents will oppose the obstacles of habit to any one after a while who shall endeavor to extend his term." He said in reply to requests not to retire that a definite period of retiring would tend to secure the elective form of government, and that if a term were not fixed by the Constitution or supplied by practice, the office would practically become one for life, and that would easily degenerate into an inheritance.

These views of Jefferson's may be regarded as purely theoretical, and it may be thought a sufficient answer to say that if the people can not be trusted to re-elect, they can not be trusted to elect, and that nothing can be more absurd than that they should forbid themselves to re-elect a magistrate who had shown himself peculiarly capable. But this answer, which might have been conclusive in Jefferson's time, is of very much less weight now that the power of a President to command his own renomination through patronage has become so enormous. Indeed, this is the great practical objection. The power of patronage, of an immense organization of placemen, is a very familiar and threatening fact. Nor is it necessary for a President openly to dictate his renomination to an organized body whose own interests demand it. Under existing circumstances, therefore, and without supposing the least ill intention upon the part of General Grant, the project of a third term should be strenuously opposed as the beginning of a radical change in the government. No emergency requires it, for, whatever the condition of the Southern States, it is such as any properly qualified Republican President could deal with; while to suppose that General Grant is the only Republican who could be elected is to believe the Republican ascendency much more fatally shaken than we hold it to be. Indeed, should he unwisely be renominated, a mere choice of evils would be forced upon a great multitude of Republicans. They would be compelled to decide whether the precedent of a third term would be more perilous than a Democratic restoration; and as many would think even the latter preferable, renomination would seem to be precisely the way to secure Republican defeat.

THE CANAL LEAKS.

Among the proposed amendments to the Constitution of New York which are to be submitted to the popular vote at the next election, and which are of the utmost importance, is one in regard to the canals which, if adopted, would save many millions of dollars to the State. The amendment provides that no extra compensation shall be made to any contractor; but if from any unforseen cause the terms of any contract shall prove to be unjust or oppressive, the Canal Board may, upon the application of the contractor, cancel the contract. It is by extra allowances upon contracts that the great swindling of the Canal Ring is perpetrated. The contract is taken at a low bid. Then there is a combination to make the expense enormous, and under the act of relief the board has no discretion. Mr. Prince, in his pamphlet, cites three instances of this thieving, and every one who has any knowledge upon the subject is familiar with scores of the same kind. In the Black Rock case the cost was declared to be $191,915 55. The contractor had received $72,707 06. He claimed in addition $119,208 49, and the Attorney-General stated that under the act requiring them to allow an amount to cover the cost of the work, the board had no discretion, and must pay the sum demanded. The dam at Fort Miller cost nearly three times the amount of the contract price; and a work near Bullard's Bend, for which the contract was $15,000, cost the State—that is, the people who pay the taxes, and who are now called upon to vote for the amendment—$146,316 01. Such facts and figures are the most powerful arguments. To re-elect Governor Dix and destroy the canal frauds at the same time would be a memorable political day's work.

There is another very important amendment in the canal section. The Constitution now forbids the sale or lease of any of the canals of the State. The amendment limits the prohibition to the Erie, Oswego, Champlain, Cayuga, and Seneca canals, that is, to the through or trunk lines, and it permits the sale of the lateral or branch canals. In the year 1872, which was an average year, the State—that is, as we said, the people who pay the taxes—lost by the canals altogether more than $300,000, while the Erie alone produced a net income of more than $1,000,000; while the three great trunk canals showed a revenue of more than $3,000,000, against an expense of less than $2,500,000. During the same time the lateral canals showed an income of less than $60,000, against an expense of more than $886,000. Is any great advantage gained to the State by this expense? None whatever. The trunk canals which commercially benefit the State are those which show a gain and not a loss. The assertion that the people along the lateral canals consented to the building of the Erie only upon condition of the side lines is true, and to sell them might seem to be a breach of faith but for the fact that the reason of the assent was better communication, and that that is now furnished much more satisfactorily by the railroads. There is no good reason whatever, therefore, for retaining the lateral canals at an enormous expense, and the amendment permits the Legislature to sell or to keep, as the interests of the State may in any case seem to require. The amendment does not sell the canals: it merely removes the prohibition upon selling.

HOME RULE.

The demand of home rule for Ireland is supposed by many persons to be a very fair and natural request, and some American journals have defended the plan as an application of our own federal system. But its fallacy has been clearly exposed by Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the historian of federal government, who is fully qualified by knowledge and by temperament to speak upon a subject which is sure to excite so much feeling. Home rule does not mean the repeal for which O'Connell contended, and which would have restored the Irish situation of 1782–1800, when there was a distinct and independent Parliament in Ireland, but it contemplates an imperial Parliament for the common interests of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in which all are to be represented, and an Irish Parliament for peculiarly Irish affairs. This would seem, upon the first statement, to be fair enough, because the latter would correspond to our State Legislatures. But, unfortunately, no provision is made by the Irish plan for English and Scotch home rule. There is to be an Irish local legislature, but none for England or Scotland. They are both to be cared for locally by the imperial or general Parliament. Thus while England and Scotland would have no voice whatever in the local affairs of Ireland, Ireland would have a voice in those of England and Scotland.

Mr. Butt, the advocate of home rule, seems dimly to have perceived this fatal difficulty, and supposing the question to be raised by an opponent, he answers it by saying that he would not have the Irish members of the Imperial Parliament vote upon English or Scotch local questions. But if they are to abstain from voting upon such measures, it must not be left to their free-will and sense of delicacy: they must be restricted from such voting by law. But in that case there would be two classes of members, those who vote upon all questions and those who vote upon a certain kind only; and thus home rule would put the Irish members of the Imperial Parliament in an inferior position to the English and Scotch members, which would hardly placate Irish complaints of England.

Home rule is urged as an illustration of federalism, and one of its advocates quoted Mr. Freeman in support of his view, and argued that the federal system had failed in the United States because the Federal government had gained power by the war. But Mr. Freeman points out that the federal system in successful federations has always appeared as a principle of union, and that it is the right thing among states when it tends to union, but out of place when it attempts to unite what is incapable of union, or to divide what is already united. Home rule, however, is a principle of disunion as urged by Mr. Butt and his friends, and therefore repugnant to true federalism. Mr. Freeman, who is the highest living authority upon the subject, adds, "If either the United States or the Swiss Confederation should ever give up the federal system altogether, and become perfectly consolidated states, such a change would not prove that the federal system had failed, but rather that it had succeeded." He thinks that the recent action of Switzerland distinctly shows that the tendency of a cluster of confederated states is to draw closer together. States once wholly divided learn "by the habit of acting together for some purposes to act together for more purposes in a way which they never could have done if a closer union had been forced upon them at first."

Home rule for Ireland was rejected by a vast majority of the House of Commons. But the vote was not another injustice to Ireland; it was only forbidding an injustice both to Ireland and to the whole United Kingdom.

REFORMS IN NEW YORK.

The speech of Governor Dix at the serenade given to him upon his renomination mentions some of the real reforms that have been accomplished during the last two years, and, as he truly said, the question submitted to the people is whether a party which has done what he describes shall be continued in power, or the party which is responsible for so many of the abuses shall be restored. Two points are stated by the Governor which are well worthy attention. The sinking funds are established for extinguishing the debts, and the intention, of course, was that these funds should be inviolable. But an evil custom has gradually arisen of using them for other purposes, so that when the administration of Governor Dix came into power it found that $11,000,000 belonging to the sinking funds had been consumed to pay the current expenses of the government, in direct violation of the Constitution, and there was a deficiency in the Treasury of $6,500,000. Under Governor Dix, with the hearty concurrence of Comptroller Hopkins, whose care and fidelity have made him very "impracticable" and "crotchety" to the free and easy, the $11,000,000 stolen from the sinking funds have been restored, and the deficiency in the Treasury has been made up.

Much also has been done to stop local and special legislation, and to prevent the diversion of public money to local uses, while the reckless expenditure of the Tweed-Hoffman administration—the last Democratic rule with which the State was blessed—has been checked. That the people are still heavily taxed is true, but the weight of the tax springs from the necessity of repairing the waste resulting from Democratic abuse. Indeed, it is impossible to compare, or rather to contrast, the administration of Governor Dix with that of Mr. Hoffman without renewed gratitude that the party which sustained Tweed and his instruments has so little chance of regaining power even with so honorable a candidate as it has been compelled to nominate. Governor Dix does not omit to say a good word for the amendments which the Convention refused to recommend, but which would put into the Constitution the reforms that have been so vigorously promoted under Republican ascendency.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE MAYOR.

In the admirable letter of Governor Dix upon the charges against the Mayor he stated very clearly the doctrine of the power of executive removal. Whenever the power of removing an officer by the Governor is involved or exercised, it is constantly said that the evidence of misconduct should be such as would convict in a court of law. But the very reason for conferring the power upon the Governor is that there may be removal when there could not be successful impeachment. If the offense is such as the courts can deal with, there is no reason for authorizing the Governor to interfere. But there are many just causes of removal which are not of a kind that courts can investigate, and it is the knowledge of this fact which has led to the authority granted to the Governor. As Governor Dix truly says, it is not necessary "that there should be any violation of law on the part of the officer against whom the charge of misconduct is brought. It would seem rather to have been designed by the Constitution for cases of abuse or malfeasance in which no law had been infringed, and for which no legal redress had been provided. It is a high prerogative, to be exercised only in the interest of the public."

The power is immense, and can be readily abused. But the power of an executive officer may safely be great if he is held to a strict responsibility, and if motives to its illicit exercise are, so far as practicable, removed. No man ought to be Governor of New York or of any State to whom such power may not be confided with perfect security. It is limited, indeed, only by his discretion, but the action of Governor Dix in the case of the Mayor shows how fully the discretion of a man who by ability, integrity, and experience is peculiarly fitted for the position may be trusted. For while he says that by the Mayor's conduct the good name of the city has been tarnished and the dignity of its chief office compromised, yet as there is no imputation of corrupt motives nor any assertion that his continuance in office will imperil any public interest, and as he has been financially most honest and economical, resisting all attempts at fraud, and generally appointing proper subordinates, and as serious financial consequences in regard to estimates and apportionment of taxes would follow his removal, the Governor decides that the Mayor's errors, grave as they were, belong to the class which are more properly left to popular reproof than to executive action. Nor, as he says, will that popular judgment be long delayed, as the question of the election of the Mayor's successor will be immediately presented to the people of the city.

Governor Dix's conduct in regard to the removal of the Mayor is among the many peculiarly excellent acts of his administration. It shows to the people of New York a Chief Magistrate who thoroughly comprehends and truly respects the high trust which has been committed to him, and whose good sense and sagacity are as evident as his patriotism and uprightness. Indeed, it would be hard to find in American public life a man more satisfactory in every personal and official qualification than John A. Dix.

A VALUABLE BOOK.

Dr. Bacon's careful and attractive account of the origin of the New England churches—*The Genesis of the New England Churches*, by Leonard Bacon (Harper and Brothers)—will have a lasting interest. The first emigration from the soft shores of Southampton to the bright, stern climate of the New World was a protest against the theology of the Middle Ages and a search for new truth. The *Mayflower* left behind it prelacy, tradition, and the papal ritual in order to revive, as Dr. Bacon tells us, the simple rites of the early Christians in a free land. Far away from kings and priests, formalists and persecutors, the first settlers of Plymouth colony labored to create such a church and such a state as Paul had planted or approved in Rome and Athens. Democracy was the foundation of both, and all believers were equal. The germs of human equality were laid at the first landing, and Brewster and Bradford suggested the principles that Jefferson and Adams expanded in 1776. But it is quite probable that it was the religious element, as Dr. Bacon seems to infer, that supported the new settlers on the barren coast, and kept alive the feeble free colony that was destined to be the parent of so many others. Had Plymouth failed, there would probably have been no more transatlantic freedom. The colonies must have become palatinates like South Carolina or aristocracies like Virginia, and the conception of a state without lords, princes, or prelates might have died out altogether. In striving to renew the customs of the early Christians the colonists unconsciously laid the foundation of a real republic.

That Plymouth colony escaped from its enemies is the most remarkable event in our national history. Want, cold, disease, death, savage Indians, a lonely wilderness, pressed it on all sides. But its most dangerous foe was the ecclesiastical taste of the age for unity. It was then thought almost impossible, Dr. Bacon tells us, for a church to exist separate from the nation. Congregationalism, which had satisfied Paul and John, was a fearful heresy even to the early Puritans. It is a peculiar circumstance, seldom noticed, that the first Puritans were as rigid adherents of the Church of England as were Laud and Elizabeth, and that they desired only to reform it and not to separate from its rule. Another party had arisen more daring and less superstitious, who were known as the Separatists. Robinson, the pastor of Leyden and Plymouth, was, after the defection of Browne, the leader of these consistent reformers. To escape the control of the English Church they had fled to Holland, and from Holland to Cape Cod. But they seem at first to have found their most pressing danger from the Puritan faction. A curious plot was at once formed to reduce Plymouth to subjection. A Puritan preacher, Lyford, was sent over from England to the colony, and his singular intrigue to destroy its independence and welfare forms one of the most attractive episodes in Dr. Bacon's earlier volume. The colonists received the minister, but did not admit him to their church. They would have no pastor but Robinson. They could not consent to unite with that prelacy which was persecuting their companions at home. At last they discovered Lyford's treachery, and drove him away. The independent congregation flourished alone on the bleak shore, and its people rejoiced that they were free. Never do they seem to have pined for the soft climate of Scrooby, or to be willing again to submit their faith to the control of the English king. Puritan and separatist united at last in an eager desire for independence. Puritanism became a common name for New England religious principles, and was applied to all who would escape from European tyranny.

The force and clearness of Dr. Bacon's style and an unusual power of condensation have enabled him to describe in a brief narrative what must be always one of the most important periods of American history. The churches of New England have expanded into an intellectual movement that has reached over the continent. They outgrew their early bigotry; they spread schools, cultivated knowledge, and taught honesty; and Edwards and Mayhew, Dwight and Pierpont, and a long list of their early clergy, were the harbingers of our literary progress. This period of our history can not be too attentively studied, and every fresh investigation like Dr. Bacon's will throw new light upon our whole national career.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Grand Hotel at Saratoga was totally destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. The flames were first seen at eleven o'clock in the morning issuing from an upper story of the north end of the south wing, and as no one is known to have been in that part of the building at the time, it is supposed that an incendiary's hand kindled the fire. The wind blew almost a gale from the southwest, and despite the heroic efforts of the firemen, the flames spread rapidly to the main building, and the whole edifice was soon in ashes. At one time it seemed that the Grand Union Hotel and Congress Hall would also be destroyed, as the roofs caught fire, and the intense heat and blinding smoke made the work of fighting the flames a very difficult one. The Columbian and National hotels were also in peril. Just at the critical moment, however, companies of firemen from Troy, Whitehall, and Ballston arrived, and with their help the threatened buildings were saved. The Grand Hotel was valued at $300,000, and was insured for two-thirds of that amount. The insurance on the furniture was $65,000.

Several temperance committees of Republican proclivities met in Albany, New York, on the 1st inst., and invited the Executive Committee of the Prohibition party to go into a conference with them to consider the question of united political action. The Prohibition committee returned a written answer, stating that its party had put a ticket in the field, and no power existed in the committee to withdraw it, whereupon the Republican committee nominated Judge W. J. Groo, of Orange County, for Governor, and Dr. R. E. Sutton, of Oneida County, for Lieutenant-Governor.

The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has just approved the judgment of the court below that insanity is not a sufficient cause for divorce.

Samuel B. Murdock, convicted recently in Washington, D. C., of an attempt to levy black-mail on the Hon. Fernando Wood, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

The Nevada Independents met at Carson on the 1st inst., and made nominations which include seven Democrats, four Republicans, and three Independents. The leading names are, for Governor, L. R. Bradley; Lieutenant-Governor, A. J. Hatch; Congressman, A. C. Ellis; Secretary of State, J. D. Minor.

Two ex-rebel generals, William Mahone and Bradley T. Johnson, had a political quarrel recently, which ended in a challenge to fight a duel. The Richmond authorities heard of it, however, and before the parties could meet, Mahone was arrested and bound over in the sum of $10,000 to keep the peace. Johnson could not be found.

A large fire occurred in Greenpoint, Long Island, on the 2d inst., resulting in a loss of $300,000. Several firemen were injured.

Captain Lyman, of the Fifth United States Infantry, who commanded the escort that accompanied the supply train sent to relieve General Miles in his late expedition against the Texan Indians, writes, in a private letter, dated the 14th ult.: "I had a staving fight for three days, from the 9th to the 12th, with four hundred Comanches. We made rifle-pits and drove them away at last. If I had only had the Rice trowel-bayonet, we would have beaten them off sooner. During the fight thirteen men belonging to the escort and train were killed and wounded. Lieutenant Lewis, of the Fifth Infantry, was badly wounded by a shot through the knee-pan. Twenty-seven Indians were killed. The expedition was without water for forty-eight hours."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Late steamer advices from Yokohama give a full account of the terrible destruction wrought by the typhoon which visited the southern part of Japan August 20. The steamer *Ping on Gooloo* and the German bark *Hamburg* were driven ashore on the rocks at Nagasaki, the iron-clad ram *Stonewall* was sunk, and hundreds of Japanese junks were wrecked. Fully two hundred lives were lost at Nagasaki alone. Stores and houses were overthrown, and the governor's new houses are a heap of ruins. Kobe also suffered. Not less than one thousand junks were wrecked. Sagoken suffered much from the typhoon. Six thousand houses were destroyed, one hundred lives were lost, and thousands of cattle on the plantations were killed.

A barge-load of gunpowder, weighing four tons, exploded, on the 2d inst., on Regent's Canal, near the Zoological Gardens, London, killing twelve persons and injuring many others, besides destroying much property. Houses and bridges—some of the former being two miles distant—were shattered, and a number of animals in the gardens were killed. The report of the explosion was heard at a distance of twenty miles from where it occurred.

The celebrated decision of Judge Routhier, that a priest could not be held responsible before the civil courts for what he said from the pulpit, has been reversed by the Canadian Court of Review at Montreal.

A conspiracy for the overthrow of the reigning dynasty of Servia has been discovered. Many arrests have been made, and arms seized. Ex-Prince Karageorgewich is believed to be the prime instigator of the movement.

Buenos Ayres is again in an uproar, an insurrection having broken out in consequence of the alleged fraudulent conduct of the late Presidential election. General Mitre is at the head of the insurgents.

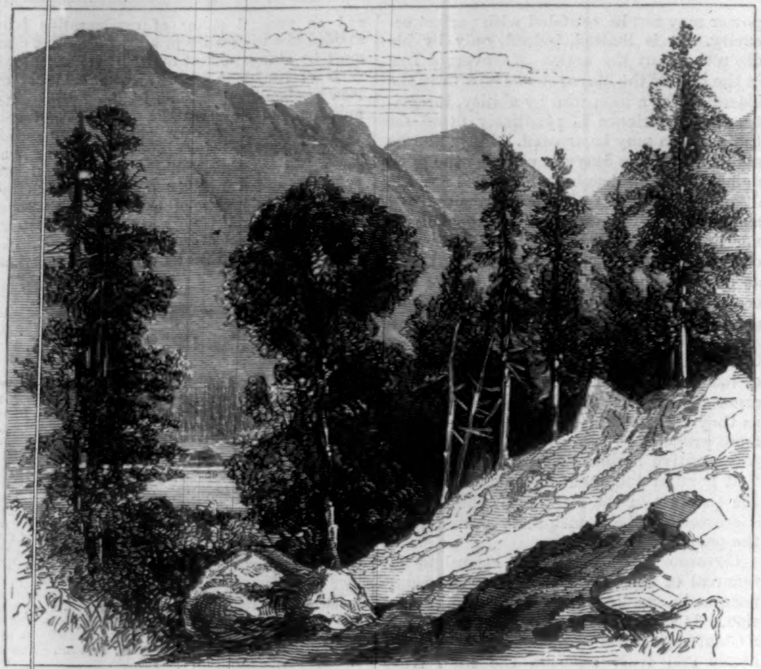
Political affairs in France are quiet. Elections have been ordered in the departments of Drome, Oise, and the Nord for November 8, to fill vacant seats in the Assembly. The *Journal de Paris* says the Pope has written a conciliatory and friendly letter to President M'Mahon, acknowledging the efforts of France in his favor.

The Spanish steamer *Juan*, with thirteen Armstrong guns on board, now in the harbor of Sligo, has been warned by the authorities not to sail, and orders have been issued to prevent her departure. The guns are supposed to be destined for the Carlists, but the captain declares that they are the property of the Spanish government, and that he is taking them to England for repairs. An investigation is in progress.

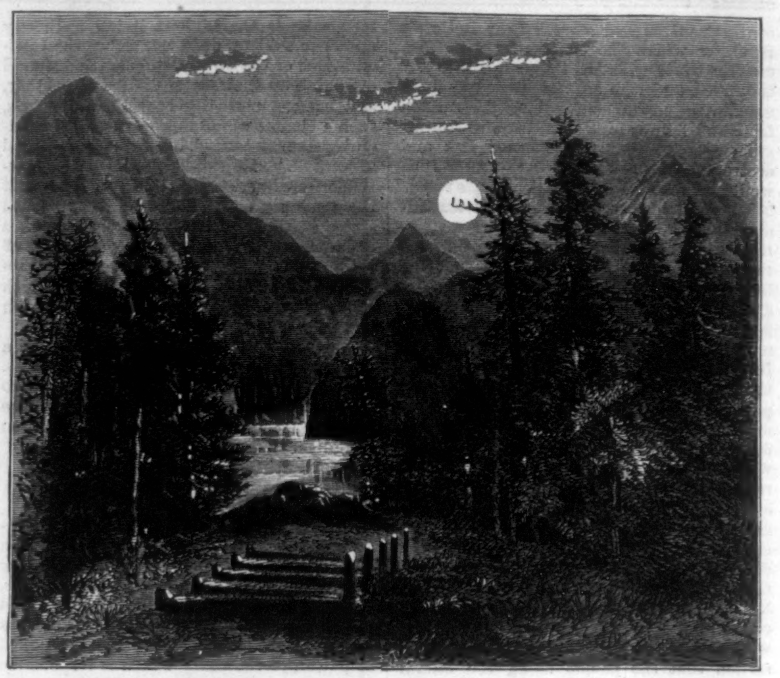
Reports concerning the Formosa difficulty are conflicting, but the general opinion is said to be that war must ensue. Ten thousand Chinese troops have reached Singapore on their way to the island.

The Carlist army in Spain is said to be rapidly breaking up. Several of the leaders have surrendered to the republican troops, and it is reported that others were shot by order of Don Carlos for demanding the cessation of hostilities and restoration of peace.

The steamers *Dacia*, *Ambassador*, and *Faraday*, engaged in laying the direct cable between England and America, have returned to Queenstown with bad news. During a gale the cable parted after about six hundred miles of it had been laid, and all attempts to recover it were unsuccessful. After coaling, the steamers will renew the work.



SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.



THE BURIAL-PLACE.

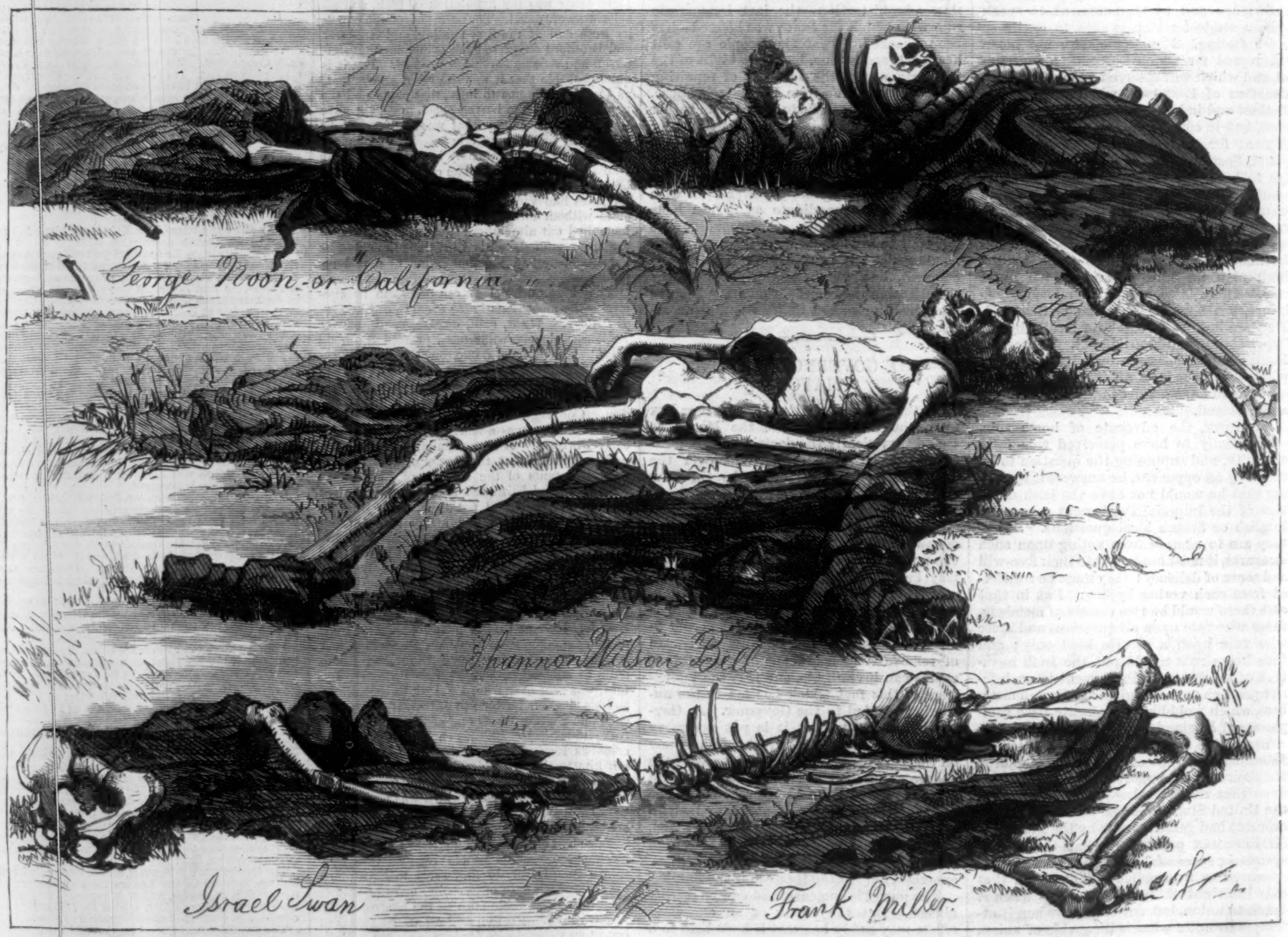
A COLORADO TRAGEDY.

ON the 17th of November, 1873, a party of twenty-one miners left Salt Lake City for the San Juan mines, in Colorado, taking a short route by the old Gunnison trail across the mountains. There were several wagons in the train. The party arrived at the Ute Indian encampment at the junction of the Uncompahgre and Gunnison rivers, on January 20, 1874. OURAY, chief of the Utes, advised the party not to proceed across the mountains, as it was very dangerous at that time of the year on account of the snow, but to remain at his camp until spring, when the route would be open. The party then split up into squads, a portion remaining with OURAY until spring. They were treated with great kindness by the chief, who made them presents of flour and other supplies, of which they stood sadly in need. On the 9th of February a party of six, comprising an old man named ISRAEL SWAN, GEORGE NOON (or "California"), SHANNON WILSON BELL, JAMES HUMPHREY, FRANK MILLER (otherwise known as "Butcher Frank"), and "AL" PACKER, left the Indian camp for the Los Pinos agency, which they were informed was about seventy-five miles distant. They had ten days' provisions, and were packed out thirty miles on horses by the Indians. PACKER arrived at the agency alone, having been out sixty-five days. On being questioned as to the whereabouts of his comrades, he said he was the only survivor, the others having died or been killed, and their bodies eaten. His story was that the old man SWAN, being sickly and weak, was the first to succumb to the hardships of the march, and that his dead body was eaten by his surviving companions. The next victims were JAMES HUMPHREY (who was killed accidentally, according to PACKER'S story) and FRANK MILLER. Of the three surviving men two were armed with guns, BELL and PACKER. These two killed and ate their unarmed comrade. If this story was true, one can easily picture the horror of the situation for the two men left alive—the sleepless watch, the dread of being for a moment off guard against the hunger-kindled ferocity which each knew was burning in the other's breast. They finally had a bitter fight, and BELL was killed.

When PACKER reached the agency he professed to have been two days without food ; but his condition contradicted his words, and he did not ask for any thing to eat. A party immediately left the agency in search of the bodies, taking PACKER as a guide. After conducting them to several places where he had camped with his comrades, he refused to go any further, and the party returned. On suspicion of having murdered and robbed the missing men, PACKER was arrested. He was known to have had no money when he left the Indian camp, but seemed to be very flush on reaching the agency. Soon afterward he succeeded in making his escape.

The fate of the missing men remained a mystery for several months, until the accidental discovery of the camp where the bodies were lying. In the latter part of last August Mr. JOHN A. RANDOLPH, an artist, who was out on a sketching tour in the Uncompahgre Mountains, was startled one afternoon by coming suddenly upon the remains of five human beings. They were lying in a gloomy, secluded spot, densely shaded by tall trees, at the foot of a steep bluff near the bank of the Gunnison River. Marks of violence on each body indicated that a most terrible crime had been committed there. The bodies lay within a few feet of each other, in their blankets and clothes. There had been no attempt to conceal the remains. No guns or camping utensils were found with them, nor a trace of any boots or shoes. The feet were heavily bandaged with blankets, which they had torn up for that purpose.

The coroner of Hinsdale County, Colorado, in which the bodies were lying, was immediately notified. He proceeded to the spot and held an inquest, about twenty persons being present. The remains were identified by a member of the party of twenty-one miners before alluded to. They were decently interred on the spot, and each grave marked with a slab bearing the name of the occupant.



THE REMAINS OF THE MURDERED MEN.

A COLORADO TRAGEDY.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOHN A. RANDOLPH.

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part I.—Paradise Lost.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE WAY HOME.

LEFT by ourselves, there was a moment of silence among us. Eustace spoke first.

"Are you able to walk back?" he said to me. "Or shall we go on to Broadstairs, and return to Ramsgate by the railway?"

He put those questions as composedly, so far as his manner was concerned, as if nothing remarkable had happened. But his eyes and his lips betrayed him. They told me that he was suffering keenly in secret. The extraordinary scene that had just passed, far from depriving me of the last remains of my courage, had strung up my nerves and restored my self-possession. I must have been more or less than woman if my self-respect had not been wounded, if my curiosity had not been wrought to the highest pitch, by the extraordinary conduct of my husband's mother when Eustace presented me to her. What was the secret of her despising him, and pitying me? Where was the explanation of her incomprehensible apathy when my name was twice pronounced in her hearing? Why had she left us, as if the bare idea of remaining in our company was abhorrent to her? The foremost interest of my life was now the interest of penetrating these mysteries. Walk? I was in such a fever of expectation that I felt as if I could have walked to the world's end, if I could only keep my husband by my side, and question him on the way!

"I am quite recovered," I said. "Let us go back, as we came, on foot."

Eustace glanced at the landlady. The landlady understood him.

"I won't intrude my company on you, Sir," she said, sharply. "I have some business to do at Broadstairs, and, now I am so near, I may as well go on. Good-morning, Mrs. Woodville."

She laid a marked emphasis on my name, and she added one significant look at parting, which (in the preoccupied state of my mind at that moment) I entirely failed to comprehend. There was neither time nor opportunity to ask her what she meant. With a stiff little bow, addressed to Eustace, she left us as his mother had left us, taking the way to Broadstairs, and walking rapidly.

At last we were alone.

I lost no time in beginning my inquiries; I wasted no words in prefatory phrases. In the plainest terms I put the question to him:

"What does your mother's conduct mean?"

Instead of answering, he burst into a fit of laughter—loud, coarse, hard laughter, so utterly unlike any sound I had ever yet heard issue from his lips, so strangely and shockingly foreign to his character as *I* understood it, that I stood still on the sands, and openly remonstrated with him.

"Eustace! you are not like yourself," I said. "You almost frighten me."

He took no notice. He seemed to be pursuing some pleasant train of thought just started in his mind.

"So like my mother!" he exclaimed, with the air of a man who felt irresistibly diverted by some humorous idea of his own. "Tell me all about it, Valeria!"

"Tell *you!*" I repeated. "After what has happened, surely it is your duty to enlighten *me.*"

"You don't see the joke?" he said.

"I not only fail to see the joke," I rejoined, "I see something in your mother's language and your mother's behavior which justifies me in asking you for a serious explanation."

"My dear Valeria, if you understood my mother as well as I do, a serious explanation of her conduct would be the last thing in the world that you would expect from me. The idea of taking my mother seriously!" He burst out laughing again. "My darling, you don't know how you amuse me."

It was all forced; it was all unnatural. He, the most delicate, the most refined of men—a gentleman in the highest sense of the word—was coarse and loud and vulgar! My heart sank under a sudden sense of misgiving which, with all my love for him, it was impossible to resist. In unutterable distress and alarm I asked myself, "Is my husband beginning to deceive me? is he acting a part, and acting it badly, before we have been married a week?"

I set myself to win his confidence in a new way. He was evidently determined to force his own point of view on me. I determined, on my side, to accept his point of view.

"You tell me I don't understand your mother," I said, gently. "Will you help me to understand her?"

"It is not easy to help you to understand a woman who doesn't understand herself," he answered. "But I will try. The key to my poor dear mother's character is, in one word—Eccentricity."

If he had picked out the most inappropriate word in the whole dictionary to describe the lady whom I had met on the beach, "Eccentricity" would have been that word. A child who had seen what I saw, who had heard what I heard, would have discovered that he was trifling—grossly, recklessly trifling—with the truth.

"Bear in mind what I have said," he proceeded; "and if you want to understand my mother, do what I asked you to do a minute since—tell me all about it. How came you to speak to her, to begin with?"

"Your mother told you, Eustace. I was walking just behind her, when she dropped a letter by accident—"

"No accident," he interposed. "The letter was dropped on purpose."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Why should your mother drop the letter on purpose?"

"Use the key to her character, my dear. Eccentricity! My mother's odd way of making acquaintance with you."

"Making acquaintance with me? I have just told you that I was walking behind her. She could not have known of the existence of such a person as myself until I spoke to her first."

"So you suppose, Valeria."

"I am certain of it."

"Pardon me—you don't know my mother as I do."

I began to lose all patience with him.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that your mother was out on the sands to-day for the express purpose of making acquaintance with Me?"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," he answered, coolly.

"Why, she didn't even recognize my name!" I burst out. "Twice over the landlady called me Mrs. Woodville in your mother's hearing, and twice over, I declare to you on my word of honor, it failed to produce the slightest impression on her. She looked and acted as if she had never heard her own name before in her life."

"'Acted' is the right word," he said, just as composedly as before. "The women on the stage are not the only women who can act. My mother's object was to make herself thoroughly acquainted with you, and to throw you off your guard by speaking in the character of a stranger. It is exactly like her to take that roundabout way of satisfying her curiosity about a daughter-in-law she disapproves of. If I had not joined you when I did, you would have been examined and cross-examined about yourself and about me, and you would innocently have answered under the impression that you were speaking to a chance acquaintance. There is my mother all over! She is your enemy, remember, not your friend. She is not in search of your merits, but of your faults. And you wonder why no impression was produced on her when she heard you addressed by your name! Poor innocent! I can tell you this—you only discovered my mother in her own character when I put an end to the mystification by presenting you to each other. You saw how angry she was, and now you know why."

I let him go on without saying a word. I listened, oh—with such a heavy heart, with such a crushing sense of disenchantment and despair! The idol of my worship, the companion, guide, protector of my life—had he fallen so low? could he stoop to such shameless prevarication as this?

Was there one word of truth in all that he had said to me? Yes! If I had not discovered his mother's portrait, it was certainly true that I should not have known, not even have vaguely suspected, who she really was. Apart from this, the rest was lying, clumsy lying, which said one thing at least for him, that he was not accustomed to falsehood and deceit. Good Heavens! if my husband was to be believed, his mother must have tracked us to London, tracked us to the church, tracked us to the railway station, tracked us to Ramsgate! To assert that she knew me by sight as the wife of Eustace, and that she had waited on the sands and dropped her letter for the express purpose of making acquaintance with me, was also to assert every one of these monstrous improbabilities to be facts that had actually happened!

I could say no more. I walked by his side in silence, feeling the miserable conviction that there was an abyss in the shape of a family secret between my husband and me. In the spirit, if not in the body, we were separated, after a married life of barely four days.

"Valeria," he asked, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"Are you not satisfied with my explanation?"

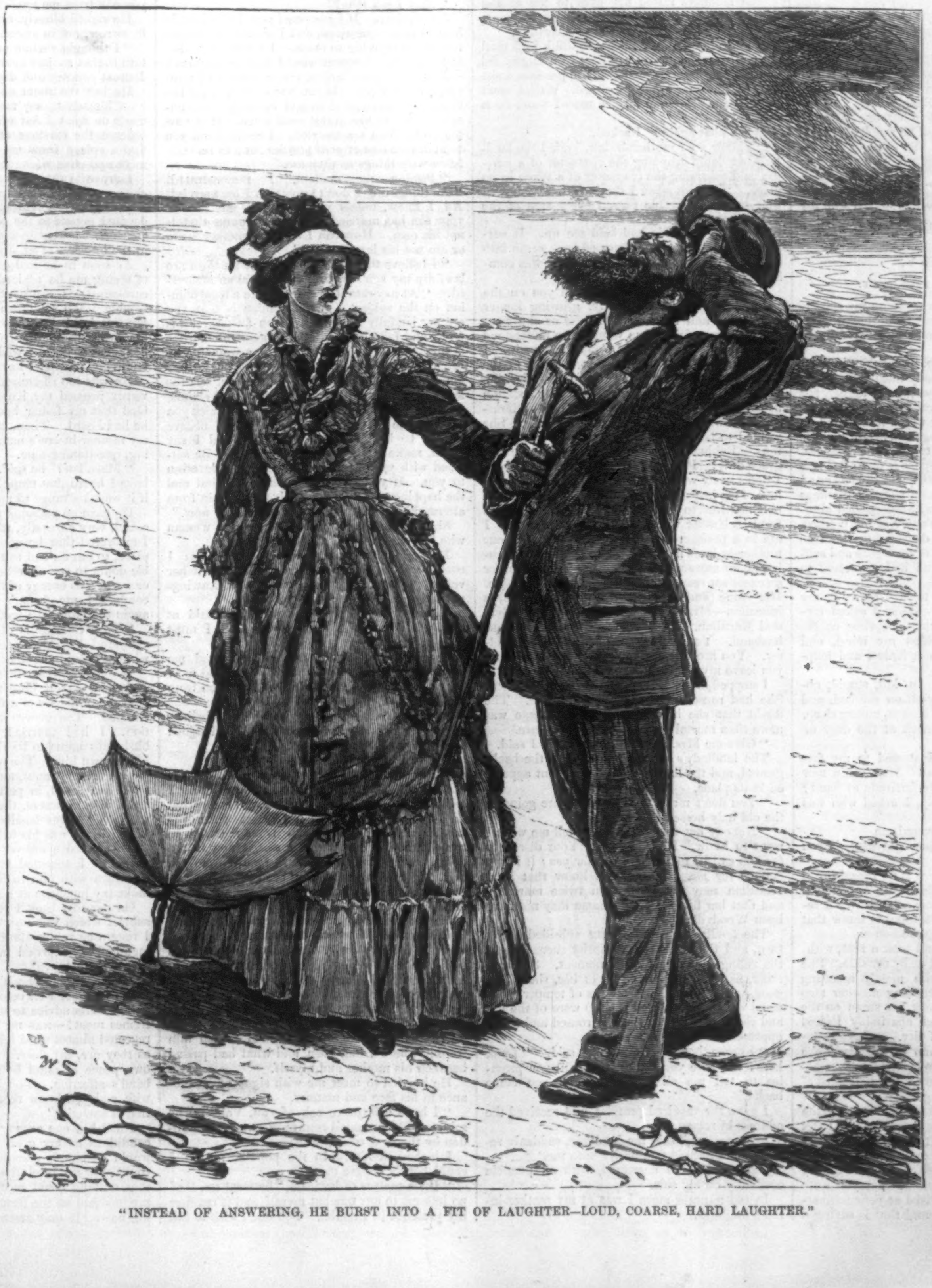
I detected a slight tremor in his voice as he put that question. The tone was, for the first time since we had spoken together, a tone that my experience associated with him in certain moods of his which I had already learned to know well. Among the hundred thousand mysterious influences which a man exercises over a woman who loves him, I doubt if there is any more irresistible to her than the influence of his voice. I am not one of those women who shed tears on the smallest provocation: it is not in my temperament, I suppose. But when I heard that little natural change in his tone, my mind went back (I can't say why) to the happy day when I first owned that I loved him. I burst out crying.

He suddenly stood still, and took me by the hand. He tried to look at me.

I kept my head down and my eyes on the ground. I was ashamed of my weakness and my want of spirit. I was determined not to look at him.

In the silence that followed he suddenly dropped on his knees at my feet, with a cry of despair that cut through me like a knife.

"Valeria! I am vile—I am false—I am unworthy of you. Don't believe a word of what I have been saying—lies, lies, cowardly, contemptible lies! You don't know what I have gone through; you don't know how I have been tortured. Oh, my darling, try not to despise me! I must have been beside myself when I spoke to you as I did. You looked hurt; you looked offended; I didn't know what to do. I wanted to spare you even a moment's pain—I wanted to hush it up, and have done with it. For God's sake don't ask me to tell you any more! My love! my angel! it's something between my mother and me; it's nothing that need disturb you; it's nothing to any body now. I love you, I adore you; my whole heart and soul are yours. Be satisfied with that. Forget what has hap-



"INSTEAD OF ANSWERING, HE BURST INTO A FIT OF LAUGHTER—LOUD, COARSE, HARD LAUGHTER."

pened. You shall never see my mother again. We will leave this place to-morrow. We will go away in the yacht. Does it matter where we live, so long as we live for each other? Forgive and forget! Oh, Valeria, Valeria, forgive and forget!"

Unutterable misery was in his face; unutterable misery was in his voice. Remember this. And remember that I loved him.

"It is easy to forgive," I said, sadly. "For your sake, Eustace, I will try to forget."

I raised him gently as I spoke. He kissed my hands with the air of a man who was too humble to venture on any more familiar expression of his gratitude than that. The sense of embarrassment between us as we slowly walked on again was so unendurable that I actually cast about in my mind for a subject of conversation as if I had been in the company of a stranger! In mercy to *him*, I asked him to tell me about the yacht.

He seized on the subject as a drowning man seizes on the hand that rescues him.

On that one poor little topic of the yacht he talked, talked, talked, as if his life depended upon his not being silent for an instant on the rest of the way back. To me it was dreadful to hear him. I could estimate what he was suffering by the violence which he—ordinarily a silent and thoughtful man—was now doing to his true nature and to the prejudices and habits of his life. With the greatest difficulty I preserved my self-control until we reached the door of our lodgings. There I was obliged to plead fatigue, and ask him to let me rest for a little while in the solitude of my own room.

"Shall we sail to-morrow?" he called after me suddenly, as I ascended the stairs.

Sail with him to the Mediterranean the next day? Pass weeks and weeks absolutely alone with him, in the narrow limits of a vessel, with his horrible secret parting us in sympathy farther and farther from each other day by day? I shuddered at the thought of it.

"To-morrow is rather a short notice," I said. "Will you give me a little longer time to prepare for the voyage?"

"Oh yes—take any time you like," he answered, not (as I thought) very willingly. "While you are resting—there are still one or two little things to be settled—I think I will go back to the yacht. Is there any thing I can do for you, Valeria, before I go?"

"Nothing—thank you, Eustace."

He hastened away to the harbor. Was he afraid of his own thoughts, if he was left by himself in the house? Was the company of the sailing-master and the steward better than no company at all?

It was useless to ask. What did I know about him or his thoughts? I locked myself into my room.

CHAPTER V.

THE LANDLADY'S DISCOVERY.

I sat down, and tried to compose my spirits. Now or never was the time to decide what it was my duty to my husband and my duty to myself to do next.

The effort was beyond me. Worn out in mind and body alike, I was perfectly incapable of pursuing any regular train of thought. I vaguely felt—if I left things as they were—that I could never hope to remove the shadow which now rested on the married life that had begun so brightly. We might live together, so as to save appearances. But to forget what had happened, or to feel satisfied with my position, was beyond the power of my will. My tranquillity as a woman—perhaps my dearest interests as a wife—depended absolutely on penetrating the mystery of my mother-in-law's conduct, and on discovering the true meaning of the wild words of penitence and self-reproach which my husband had addressed to me on our way home.

So far I could advance toward realizing my position—and no farther. When I asked myself what was to be done next, hopeless confusion, maddening doubt, filled my mind, and transformed me into the most listless and helpless of living women.

I gave up the struggle. In dull, stupid, obstinate despair, I threw myself on my bed, and fell from sheer fatigue into a broken, uneasy sleep.

I was awakened by a knock at the door of my room.

Was it my husband? I started to my feet as the idea occurred to me. Was some new trial of my patience and my fortitude at hand? Half nervously, half irritably, I asked who was there.

The landlady's voice answered me.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, if you please?"

I opened the door. There is no disguising it—though I loved him so dearly, though I had left home and friends for his sake, it was a relief to me, at that miserable time, to know that Eustace had not returned to the house.

The landlady came in, and took a seat, without waiting to be invited, close by my side. She was no longer satisfied with merely asserting herself as my equal. Ascending another step on the social ladder, she took her stand on the platform of patronage, and charitably looked down on me as an object of pity.

"I have just returned from Broadstairs," she began. "I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I sincerely regret what has happened?"

I bowed, and said nothing.

"As a gentlewoman myself," proceeded the landlady—"reduced by family misfortunes to let lodgings, but still a gentlewoman—I feel sincere sympathy with you. I will even go farther than that. I will take it on myself to say that I don't blame *you*. No, no. I noticed that you were as much shocked and surprised at your mother-in-law's conduct as I was; and that is saying a great deal—a great deal indeed. However, I have a duty to perform. It is disagreeable, but it is not the less a duty on that account. I am a single woman; not from want of opportunities of changing my condition—I beg you will understand that—but from choice. Situated as I am, I receive only the most respectable persons into my house. There must be no mystery about the positions of *my* lodgers. Mystery in the position of a lodger carries with it—what shall I say? I don't wish to offend you—I will say, a certain Taint. Very well. Now I put it to your own common-sense. Can a person in my position be expected to expose herself to—Taint? I make these remarks in a sisterly and Christian spirit. As a lady yourself—I will even go the length of saying a cruelly used lady—you will, I am sure, understand—"

I could endure it no longer. I stopped her there.

"I understand," I said, "that you wish to give us notice to quit your lodgings. When do you want us to go?"

The landlady held up a long, lean, red hand, in sorrowful and sisterly protest.

"No," she said. "Not that tone; not those looks. It's natural you should be annoyed; it's natural you should be angry. But do—now do please try and control yourself. I put it to your own common-sense (we will say a week for the notice to quit)—why not treat me like a friend? You don't know what a sacrifice, what a cruel sacrifice, I have made—entirely for your sake."

"You?" I exclaimed. "What sacrifice?"

"What sacrifice?" repeated the landlady. "I have degraded myself as a gentlewoman. I have forfeited my own self-respect." She paused for a moment, and suddenly seized me by the hand, in a perfect frenzy of friendship. "Oh, my poor dear!" cried this intolerable person. "I have discovered every thing. A villain has deceived you. You are no more married than I am!"

I snatched my hand out of hers, and rose angrily from my chair.

"Are you mad?" I asked.

The landlady raised her eyes to the ceiling with the air of a person who had deserved martyrdom, and who submitted to it cheerfully.

"Yes," she said. "I begin to think I *am* mad—mad to have devoted myself to an ungrateful woman, to a person who doesn't appreciate a sisterly and Christian sacrifice of self. Well, I won't do it again. Heaven forgive me—I won't do it again!"

"Do what again?" I asked.

"Follow your mother-in-law," cried the landlady, suddenly dropping the character of a martyr, and assuming the character of a vixen in its place. "I blush when I think of it. I followed that most respectable person every step of the way to her own door."

Thus far my pride had held me up. It sustained me no longer. I dropped back again into my chair, in undisguised dread of what was coming next.

"I gave you a look when I left you on the beach," pursued the landlady, growing louder and louder and redder and redder as she went on. "A grateful woman would have understood that look. Never mind! I won't do it again. I overtook your mother-in-law at the gap in the cliff. I followed her—oh, how I feel the disgrace of it *now!*—I followed her to the station at Broadstairs. She went back by train to Ramsgate. *I* went back by train to Ramsgate. She walked to her lodgings. *I* walked to her lodgings. Behind her. Like a dog. Oh, the disgrace of it! Providentially, as I then thought—I don't know what to think of it now—the landlord of the house happened to be a friend of mine, and happened to be at home. We have no secrets from each other where lodgers are concerned. I am in a position to tell you, madam, what your mother-in-law's name really is. She knows nothing about any such person as Mrs. Woodville, for an excellent reason. Her name is *not* Woodville. Her name (and consequently her son's name) is Macallan—Mrs. Macallan, widow of the late General Macallan. Yes! your husband is *not* your husband. You are neither maid, wife, nor widow. You are worse than nothing, madam—and you leave my house!"

I stopped her as she opened the door to go out. She had roused *my* temper by this time. The doubt that she had cast on my marriage was more than mortal resignation could endure.

"Give me Mrs. Macallan's address," I said.

The landlady's anger receded into the background, and the landlady's astonishment appeared in its place.

"You don't mean to tell me you are going to the old lady herself?" she said.

"Nobody but the old lady can tell me what I want to know," I answered. "Your discovery (as you call it) may be enough for *you;* it is not enough for *me.* How do we know that Mrs. Macallan may not have been twice married? and that her first husband's name may not have been Woodville?"

The landlady's astonishment subsided in its turn, and the landlady's curiosity succeeded as the ruling influence of the moment. Substantially, as I have already said of her, she was a good-natured woman. Her fits of temper (as is usual with good-natured people) were of the hot and the short-lived sort, easily roused and easily appeased.

"I never thought of that," she said. "Look here! if I give you the address, will you promise to tell me all about it when you come back?"

I gave the required promise, and received the address in return.

"No malice," said the landlady, suddenly resuming all her old familiarity with me.

"No malice," I answered, with all possible cordiality on my side.

In ten minutes more I was at my mother-in-law's lodgings.

CHAPTER VI.

MY OWN DISCOVERY.

Fortunately for me, the landlord did not open the door when I rang. A stupid maid-of-all-work, who never thought of asking me for my name, let me in. Mrs. Macallan was at home, and had no visitors with her. Giving me this information, the maid led the way up stairs, and showed me into the drawing-room without a word of announcement.

My mother-in-law was sitting alone, near a work-table, knitting. The moment I appeared in the doorway she laid aside her work, and, rising, signed to me with a commanding gesture of her hand to let her speak first.

"I know what you have come here for," she said. "You have come here to ask questions. Spare yourself, and spare me. I warn you beforehand that I will not answer any questions relating to my son."

It was firmly but not harshly said. I spoke firmly in my turn.

"I have not come here, madam, to ask questions about your son," I answered. "I have come, if you will excuse me, to ask you a question about yourself."

She started, and looked at me keenly over her spectacles. I had evidently taken her by surprise.

"What is the question?" she inquired.

"I now know for the first time, madam, that your name is Macallan," I said. "Your son has married me under the name of Woodville. The only honorable explanation of this circumstance, so far as I know, is that my husband is your son by a first marriage. The happiness of my life is at stake. Will you kindly consider my position? Will you let me ask if you have been twice married, and if the name of your first husband was Woodville?"

She considered a little before she replied.

"The question is a perfectly natural one, in your position," she said. "But I think I had better not answer it."

"May I ask why?"

"Certainly. If I answered you, I should only lead to other questions, and I should be obliged to decline replying to them. I am sorry to disappoint you. I repeat what I said on the beach—I have no other feeling than a feeling of sympathy toward *you.* If you had consulted me before your marriage, I should willingly have admitted you to my fullest confidence. It is now too late. You are married. I recommend you to make the best of your position, and to rest satisfied with things as they are."

"Pardon me, madam," I remonstrated. "As things are, I don't know that I *am* married. All I know, unless you enlighten me, is that your son has married me under a name that is not his own. How can I be sure whether I am or am not his lawful wife?"

"I believe there can be no doubt that you are lawfully my son's wife," Mrs. Macallan answered. "At any rate it is easy to take a legal opinion on the subject. If the opinion is that you are *not* lawfully married, my son (whatever his faults and failings may be) is a gentleman. He is incapable of willfully deceiving a woman who loves and trusts him. He will do you justice. On my side, I will do you justice too. If the legal opinion is adverse to your rightful claims, I will promise to answer any questions which you may choose to put to me. As it is, I believe you to be lawfully my son's wife; and I say again, make the best of your position. Be satisfied with your husband's affectionate devotion to you. If you value your peace of mind and the happiness of your life to come, abstain from attempting to know more than you know now."

She sat down again with the air of a woman who had said her last word.

Further remonstrance would be useless; I could see it in her face; I could hear it in her voice. I turned round to open the drawing-room door.

"You are hard on me, madam," I said at parting. "I am at your mercy, and I must submit."

She suddenly looked up, and answered me with a flush on her kind and handsome old face.

"As God is my witness, child, I pity you from the bottom of my heart!"

After that extraordinary outburst of feeling, she took up her work with one hand, and signed to me with the other to leave her.

I bowed to her in silence, and went out.

I had entered the house far from feeling sure of the course I ought to take in the future. I left the house positively resolved, come what might of it, to discover the secret which the mother and son were hiding from me. As to the question of the name, I saw it now in the light in which I ought to have seen it from the first. If Mrs. Macallan *had* been twice married (as I had rashly chosen to suppose) she would certainly have shown some signs of recognition when she heard me addressed by her first husband's name. Where all else was mystery, there was no mystery here. Whatever his reasons might be, Eustace had assuredly married me under an assumed name.

Approaching the door of our lodgings, I saw my husband walking backward and forward before it, evidently waiting for my return. If he asked me the question, I decided to tell him frankly where I had been, and what had passed between his mother and myself.

He hurried to meet me with signs of disturbance in his face and manner.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Valeria," he said. "Do you mind returning with me to London by the next train?"

I looked at him. In the popular phrase, I could hardly believe my own ears.

"It's a matter of business," he went on, "of no interest to any one but myself, and it requires my presence in London. You don't wish to sail just yet, as I understand? I can't leave you here by yourself. Have you any objection to going to London for a day or two?"

I made no objection. I too was eager to go back.

In London I could obtain the legal opinion which would tell me whether I was lawfully married to Eustace or not. In London I should be within reach of the help and advice of my father's faithful old clerk. I could confide in Benjamin as I could confide in no one else. Dearly as I loved my uncle Starkweather, I shrank from communicating with him in my present need. His wife had told me that I had made a bad beginning when I signed the wrong name in the marriage register. Shall I own it? My pride shrank from acknowledging, before the honeymoon was over, that his wife was right.

In two hours more we were on the railway again. Ah, what a contrast that second journey presented to the first! On our way to Ramsgate every body could see that we were a newly wedded couple. On our way to London nobody noticed us; nobody would have doubted that we had been married for years.

We went to a private hotel in the neighborhood of Portland Place.

After breakfast the next morning Eustace announced that he must leave me to attend to his business. I had previously mentioned to him that I had some purchases to make in London. He was quite willing to let me go out alone, on the condition that I should take a carriage provided by the hotel.

My heart was heavy that morning: I felt the unacknowledged estrangement that had grown up between us very keenly. My husband opened the door to go out, and came back to kiss me before he left me by myself. That little afterthought of tenderness touched me. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I put my arm round his neck, and held him to me gently.

"My darling," I said, "give me all your confidence. I know that you love me. Show that you can trust me too."

He sighed bitterly, and drew back from me—in sorrow, not in anger.

"I thought we had agreed, Valeria, not to return to that subject again," he said. "You only distress yourself and distress me."

He left the room abruptly, as if he dare not trust himself to say more. It is better not to dwell on what I felt after this last repulse. I ordered the carriage at once. I was eager to find a refuge from my own thoughts in movement and change.

I drove to the shops first, and made the purchases which I had mentioned to Eustace by way of giving a reason for going out. Then I devoted myself to the object which I really had at heart. I went to old Benjamin's little villa, in the by-ways of St. John's Wood.

As soon as he had got over the first surprise of seeing me he noticed that I looked pale and care-worn. I confessed at once that I was in trouble. We sat down together by the bright fire-side in his little library (Benjamin, as far as his means would allow, was a great collector of books), and there I told my old friend, frankly and truly, all that I have told here.

He was too distressed to say much. He fervently pressed my hand; he fervently thanked God that my father had not lived to hear what he had heard. Then, after a pause, he repeated my mother-in-law's name to himself in a doubting, questioning tone.

"Macallan?" he said. "Macallan? Where have I heard that name? Why does it sound as if it wasn't strange to me?"

He gave up pursuing the lost recollection, and asked, very earnestly, what he could do for me. I answered that he could help me, in the first place, to put an end to the doubt—an unendurable doubt to *me*—whether I was lawfully married or not. His energy of the old days when he had conducted my father's business showed itself again the moment I said those words.

"Your carriage is at the door, my dear," he answered. "Come with me to my own lawyer, without wasting another moment."

We drove to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

At my request Benjamin put my case to the lawyer as the case of a friend in whom I was interested. The answer was given without hesitation. I had married, honestly believing my husband's name to be the name under which I had known him. The witnesses to my marriage—my uncle, my aunt, and Benjamin—had acted, as I had acted, in perfect good faith. Under those circumstances, there was no doubt about the law. I was legally married. Macallan or Woodville, I was his wife.

This decisive answer relieved me of a heavy anxiety. I accepted my old friend's invitation to return with him to St. John's Wood, and to make my luncheon at his early dinner.

On our way back I reverted to the one other subject which was now uppermost in my mind. I reiterated my resolution to discover why Eustace had not married me under the name that was really his own.

My companion shook his head, and entreated me to consider well beforehand what I proposed doing. His advice to me—so strangely do extremes meet!—was my mother-in-law's advice, repeated almost word for word. "Leave things as they are, my dear. In the interest of your own peace of mind be satisfied with your husband's affection. You know that you are his wife, and you know that he loves you. Surely that is enough?"

I had but one answer to this. Life, on such conditions as my good friend had just stated, would be simply unendurable to me. Nothing could alter my resolution—for this plain reason, that nothing could reconcile me to living with my husband on the terms on which we were living now. It only rested with Benjamin to say whether he would give a helping hand to his master's daughter or not.

The old man's answer was thoroughly characteristic of him.

"Mention what you want of me, my dear," was all he said.

We were then passing a street in the neighborhood of Portman Square. I was on the point of speaking again, when the words were suspended on my lips. I saw my husband.

He was just descending the steps of a house—as if leaving it after a visit. His eyes were on the ground: he did not look up when the carriage passed. As the servant closed the door behind him, I noticed that the number of the house was sixteen. At the next corner I saw the name of the street. It was Vivian Place.

"Do you happen to know who lives at number sixteen Vivian Place?" I inquired of my companion.

Benjamin started. My question was certainly a strange one, after what he had just said to me.

"No," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I have just seen Eustace leaving that house."

"Well, my dear, and what of that?"

"My mind is in a bad way, Benjamin. Every thing my husband does that I don't understand rouses my suspicion now."

Benjamin lifted his withered old hands, and let them drop on his knees again in mute lamentation over me.

"I tell you again," I went on, "my life is unendurable to me. I won't answer for what I may do if I am left much longer to live in doubt of the one man on earth whom I love. You have had experience of the world. Suppose you were shut out from Eustace's confidence, as I am? Suppose you were as fond of him as I am, and felt your position as bitterly as I feel it—what would you do?"

The question was plain. Benjamin met it with a plain answer.

"I think I should find my way, my dear, to some intimate friend of your husband's," he said, "and make a few discreet inquiries in that quarter first."

Some intimate friend of my husband's? I considered with myself. There was but one friend of his whom I knew of—my uncle's correspondent, Major Fitz-David. My heart beat fast as the name recurred to my memory. Suppose I followed Benjamin's advice? Suppose I applied to Major Fitz-David? Even if he too refused to answer my questions, my position would not be more helpless than it was now. I determined to make the attempt. The only difficulty in the way, so far, was to discover the major's address. I had given back his letter to Doctor Starkweather, at my uncle's own request. I remembered that the address from which the major wrote was somewhere in London—and I remembered no more.

"Thank you, old friend; you have given me an idea already," I said to Benjamin. "Have you got a Directory in your house?"

"No, my dear," he rejoined, looking very much puzzled. "But I can easily send out and borrow one."

We returned to the villa. The servant was sent at once to the nearest stationer's to borrow a Directory. She returned with the book just as we sat down to dinner. Searching for the major's name under the letter F, I was startled by a new discovery.

"Benjamin!" I said. "This is a strange coincidence. Look here!"

He looked where I pointed. Major Fitz-David's address was Number Sixteen Vivian Place—the very house which I had seen my husband leaving as we passed in the carriage!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who is now on the way to the United States, has contracted to write a weekly letter from America, which is to be manifolded and sent to some twenty-five British provincial journals, each of which is to pay $10,000 for the manuscript—giving Mr. Dixon about $250 a week for his hour or two of weekly labor.

—Garibaldi has just published an account of his famous expedition against the Roman States. It has been published by subscription, and the profits have amounted to 12,000 francs, which is said to be all his fortune. It is about $2500 Yankee money, and no good American could be perfectly happy on that.

—The French papers state that after building his new house M. Thiers will have saved $200,000 out of the grant of $212,000 allowed him as a compensation for injuries done him by the Commune.

—Mr. Ruskin, who has been regarded as one of the most fastidious of men, has recently stated in print that he comes of plebeian stock: "My mother was a sailor's daughter, so please you; one of my aunts was a baker's wife, the other a tanner's; and I don't know much more about my family, except that there used to be a greengrocer of the name in a small shop near the Crystal Palace."

—The new college at Oxford, named after and to be erected in honor of Keble, is to cost $500,000, the entire sum of which is to be given by one man, Mr. Gibbs.

—Mr. Horatio Nelson Slater, of Webster, Massachusetts, has given $25,000 to Brown University, in addition to the same amount previously presented by him.

—Mr. Gladstone has been visiting the eminent Dr. Döllinger at Bonn. It may be assumed that they went over matters of religion as it affects matters of state, and that when opportunity offers Mr. Gladstone will expatiate thereupon.

—Just before his death, Guizot, in conversing with a friend, said: "I did not change, but Thiers never failed to change his views on any subject whatever. What a little wriggler!" Guizot's last illness exhibited an unusual species of periodicity. Between five in the afternoon and eleven o'clock next morning his mind was a blank. He could not remember dates, facts, persons, colors, nor comprehend any observation. At noon his intelligence returned, and was active and clear for several hours, only to be obscured again at 5 P.M.

—When Marshal Bazaine first reached Arenenberg the Empress refused to see him. He then sent word that he had in his possession some important papers, and wished to know what disposition he was to make of them. He was then received. The papers related to the Mexican expedition.

—Mr. W. Pembroke Fetridge, author of the popular European guide-book published by Harper & Brothers, has been elected a member of the French Geographical Society. The honor is a rare one, the only other Americans who have been made members being General J. Meredith Read, minister to Greece, and Professor Arnold, of Princeton College.

—Mr. Alexander Duncan, of Providence, Rhode Island (senior member of the banking firm of Duncan, Sherman, & Co., of this city), has lately caused to be made for the Massachusetts Historical Society a copy of a very remarkable portrait of Washington, now in the possession of the Earl of Albemarle, in England. The portrait was painted in this country, as is supposed, in 1779, and was designed as a present for the Stadtholder of Holland. It was intrusted to Henry Laurens, who in the latter part of that year sailed for the Hague as the minister of the United States to the Stadtholder's court; and when Laurens was captured by Captain Keppel, of the British navy, and sent to the Tower of London, the picture became the property of the captor. Captain Keppel presented it to his uncle, Admiral Lord Keppel, from whom it descended to the present Earl of Albemarle. The picture has long been known to exist, and great interest has been felt concerning it, on account of its history and of the period of Washington's life at which it was painted, and also an account of the broad blue ribbon which he wore over his breast, and which gave rise in England to the belief that he had been made a marshal of France.

—The last sketch of Bismarck says he is a rollicking, overbearing man, and his wife, children, and friends stand in awe of him. He eats cold sausages and black-bread for breakfast, swallows an enormous dinner, washed down with large goblets of Burgundy. He smokes, works, and talks perpetually. He is funny when pleased, very formidable, very rash, and very independent.

—If the following "personal" did not come through a gentleman who is noted for accuracy—Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *Tribune*—we should be inclined to regard it as a drollery, whereas it soars into the realm of fact. The Prince of Wales was traveling in France (the reader probably remembers France), and at a station where the Paris train stops for refreshments bought a cake, bit a piece out of it, left it, threw the waiter a napoleon, and went his royal way. The waiter was well satisfied with his share in the transaction, repeated the tale to admiring hearers, and for the convincing of the incredulous, put the cake under a glass cover. The next train brought more Englishmen, who, observing a fragment of cake thus carefully put away, asked about it, and when told could hardly do less than fee the lucky waiter who told them. One of them, more loyal than the rest, bought the cake with its marks of princely teeth. The waiter was a man of genius. He bit a piece out of another cake, put that under the same glass cover, and showed and sold that cake to the next passengers, and so on for some days—perhaps to this day.

—Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta Stanley attended the funeral of M. Guizot, and Lady Stanley threw flowers on the coffin.

—Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, second son of the deceased nephew of the great Napoleon, was recently admitted to the bar of Baltimore, and made his maiden speech a few days since in a case in the Circuit Court of Howard County. The lawyers and spectators present pronounced it an able effort, giving promise of future distinction. Mr. Bonaparte is a fine-looking young man, of grave aspect, with a fine head, and a face full of intellectual expression.

—Colonel Forney makes mention of a pleasant visit to Colonel Puleston, at Marden Park, in Surrey. A republican in America, Colonel Puleston is a Conservative in England. His popularity and ability are proved by the fact that after an animated canvass he was chosen by a large majority from a district heretofore heavily Liberal. "I found him," writes Colonel F., "surrounded by members of Parliament of both sides, dispensing a liberal hospitality in one of the oldest homes of rural England. Situated in a park such as you see nowhere else in the world, and in the neighborhood of men of large wealth and high rank, his home was not less a history than himself, and he seemed as easy in his new station as if he had been born to it. Mr. Puleston has lost none of his love of America, and nothing gives him more pleasure than to meet his old friends and stand forth for his old home."

—It is said to be the habit of General Von Moltke, when he arrives at his country-seat, to go first and pray at the grave of his wife, which is concealed by cypresses on a hillock in the park.

—Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan disdains the Presidency, and so stated boldly a few days ago to a gentleman in the neighborhood of his home in Perry County, Ohio. The blood-thirsty young warrior put in the phrases following: "I do not allow a thought on that subject to occupy my mind. I think many men have been ruined by thinking they ought to be President of the United States. All their actions, official and otherwise, have been controlled by that one idea. It becomes a disease with them. I am yet young enough to perform active duties, and I wish to labor, not to be led off by such an idea." We have heard it said by a gentleman whose position enables him to be perfectly well informed that General Grant regards Sheridan as decidedly the ablest general in the army.

—Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, has driven the first Protestant nail into the coffin of expensive funerals, and especially deprecates the wanton expenditure lavished in floral displays on such occasions. Modern fashionable funerals bear heavily on the living who are forced to pay for them. The price of a coffin when ornamented is equal to the rent of a comfortable cottage. The long escort of carriages often conveys none but habitual funeral-goers, and the friends send flowers because they are expected to do so. If a few influential people would set their faces against these absurd practices, they might be abated, as the movement would receive the attention of every sensible person. Good taste revolts at such display, while actual justice demands that an afflicted family should not be subjected to an outlay beyond its power to prevent at a time when any interference might seem unfeeling.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Considerable discussion is now going on in reference to the propriety of the proposed plan of the French government of filling a depression in the Sahara Desert by allowing the entrance of water from the Mediterranean, many questions arising as to the effect not only upon the country, but upon the regions north of the Mediterranean.

It is well known that the sirocco (or the *Föhn* of the German), after crossing the Mediterranean, expends itself upon the snows and glaciers of the Alps, and tends in a considerable degree to prevent their undue extension, as in an earlier geological period. Many persons fear that, should this depression be filled with water, the proper amount of dry heat will not be produced to regulate the glaciers, and that in consequence they will probably extend far into the plains, and perhaps in a measure reproduce the climatic conditions that existed during the reindeer period, the evidences of which are so abundant in Southern Europe.

This has been stoutly contested by other writers, who insist that the effect of so comparatively small a surface will not be appreciable in this way, but that it will involve a very beneficial change in the climate of North Africa, whereby the regions adjacent to the new lake will experience a succession of showers, by which they will become comparatively fertile.

Professor Leverrier, who takes the latter ground, refers to the beneficial action of water in the little thread of the Suez Canal, and infers from it what will be the result in the evaporation from a surface about 160 miles long and 25 to 30 broad.

In further objection to the proposition Mr. Houyvet, however, remarks, in a communication to the French Academy, that it will not be difficult to establish this sea; the problem will be how to keep it up. Supposing, however, according to his communication, the sea to be established by means of a canal, it would lose an enormous quantity of water by evaporation every day, without the introduction of an equal volume of fresh-water. The water evaporated being replaced by a supply coming through the canal, the whole body would soon reach the maximum of saturation. The evaporation still continuing, a deposit of salt would be formed, which in time would fill up the whole space of the interior sea, and the salinity of the water would be such that no animal life could be sustained in it, and the ultimate result would be simply the accumulation of an immense deposit of salt.

The projectors are very strongly of the opinion, however, that the presence of this water and its evaporation would produce copious rains, which would in large measure return into the sea, and not only accomplish the object referred to, but also convert what is now a sterile waste into a fertile country.

The newly organized geological survey of Wisconsin is now in its second year of field work, under Professor J. A. Lapham, and promises to do good service in the development of the industrial and economical resources of the State. At present the work is in progress in Portage County under the charge of Mr. Roland Irving, in Manitowac under C. C. Chamberlin, and in Green County under Moses Strong.

The enactment under which the survey is prosecuted became a law on the 19th of March, 1873, and it is provided that a full series of the geological collections shall be deposited with the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, with the State University, and with the different colleges of the State and the normal schools, provided an application be made to the chief geologist before the commencement of the field work. The service is to be completed within four years of the time of its commencement.

According to a report in the *Commercial Relations* for September, 1873, the total value of the fisheries of the Dominion of Canada for 1871 is as follows:

New Brunswick	$1,185,000 00
Quebec, including Magdalen Islands	1,214,658 95
Ontario	192,524 00
Nova Scotia	5,101,030 90
Making the total value of the Canadian fisheries for 1871	$7,694,186 85

Upward of 20,000 men were employed in Nova Scotia alone in the fisheries.

The Geographical Society of Paris has been informed of the death of two French travelers, M. Dournaux-Dupéré and M. Joubert, while on an exploring expedition in the Sahara Desert. They were both murdered by some natives on the 17th of April.

The Maryland Academy of Sciences proposes to establish a botanical conservatory at Druid Hill Park as soon as the sum of $50,000 can be obtained for the purpose. One of the members, now on a visit to Europe, has been paying attention to the selection of a suitable model for imitation.

Among the deaths not previously announced in our columns is that of Professor Angström, of Sweden, a specialist in the line of the physical sciences.

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania is endeavoring to secure a permanent publishing fund, and offers, in return for subscriptions of $25, to supply to each subscriber during his life a copy of every work issued by the society, and to public libraries those published during twenty years to come. The fund already received amounts to $21,000. The money is placed in the hands of trustees, and the interest only used. It is stated that more than nine hundred persons and libraries have, so far, subscribed, and additional names are desired for the sake of increasing the available resources. The society has recently published a translation of the *History of the Swedish Congregations on the Delaware River*, by Israel Acrelius. This forms an octavo volume of 500 pages, well illustrated. They will also soon publish a historical map of Pennsylvania, on which will be restored a large amount of aboriginal nomenclature, sites of forts, boundaries of purchases from the Indians, etc.

The French government has voted 30,000 francs to the meteorological department of the National Observatory; and Leverrier is about to resume the work of international meteorology, with the intention of abandoning local meteorology to the departmental observatory of Mount Souris.

The tenth number of the quarto work on *Indigenous and Foreign Lepidoptera*, published by Mr. Hermann Strecker, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has just made its appearance. This, like its predecessors, consists of one plate with thickly crowded figures, in the present case thirty in number, with accompanying text. The genus *Lycæna* is treated of in the present number, the author including under his generic appellation the copper-colored species of *Polyommatus*, which he does not consider generically distinguishable.

The death of Mr. Robert Shuttleworth is announced as having taken place recently at Berne, in Switzerland. Mr. Shuttleworth was an English gentleman, long resident, however, in Switzerland, and a specialist in conchology and botany, numerous papers in relation to each of these branches having been published by him both in Continental and English journals.

A law was enacted by the Pennsylvania Legislature on the 14th of May providing for a new geological survey of the State, this to consist of two divisions, one embracing the State geologist and his special scientific assistants, the other the business department, constituted by ten commissioners from different parts of the State, who, with the Governor, act as a supervisory board. This board is to meet at Harrisburg every three months to supervise the execution of the work, and their indorsement is necessary for the initiation of any particular undertaking, although, when authorized, there is to be no subsequent interference with the chief geologist in carrying it out.

Three years are allowed for the completion of the work, and $35,000 per annum is appropriated. A cabinet of specimens of geology and the mineral resources is to be gathered for ultimate exhibition. Nine assistants have been appointed by Professor Lesley, each with his special corps, with the view of more rapidly accomplishing the objects of the survey.

For the coming year the investigations are to be of the primary ores of York and Adams counties, the limonite ores of the Lehigh Valley, the fossil ores of the Juniata Valley, the bituminous coal fields of Clearfield and Jefferson, and the oil region of Butler, Clarion, and Venango counties. A review of the upper oil region is to be completed during the present season; possibly also a portion of the anthracite coal region. A special laboratory for iron ores and iron and steel is to be established at Harrisburg, together with suitable rooms for the museum. Dr. Genth has been appointed mineralogist of the survey.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It is related of a certain minister who was noted for his long sermons with many divisions that one day, when he was advancing among his teens, he reached at length a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, he asked the question, "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded, "Say Amen!"

A man may be properly said to have been drinking like a fish when he finds that he has taken enough to make his head swim.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business; one is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind.

"A play upon words," as the fireman said when he thrust his hose into the bookseller's shop to put out the flames.

When is a loaf of bread said to be inhabited?—When it has a little Indian in it.

A Western stump-orator, in the course of one of his speeches, remarked, "Gentlemen, if the Par-sy-fic Ocean wor an inkstand, and the bull clouded canopy of heaven and the level ground of our yearth wor a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country on to it."

"Do you believe there are any people who never heard *Old Hundred?*" asked a musical young lady at the family table. "Lots of folks never heard it," interrupted a precocious young brother. "Where are they, I should like to know?" "In the deaf-and-dumb asylums!"

A good suggestion is like a crying baby: it should always be carried out.

Madder colors red. This is the reason why the madder we get the redder we grow.

"AN APOSTROPHY TO ONTARY."

Green are thy waters, green as bottled glass;
    Behold them stretched thar!
Fine muskallonges and Oswegy bass
    Is chiefly ketched thar.
Wonst the red Indian here had his delight,
    Fished, fit, and bled;
Now the inhabitants are mostly white,
    With nary red.

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats desponding to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

The following are the reasons why a ship is called she: "They are useless without employment; they bring news from abroad; they wear caps and bonnets; they are put in stays; they are often painted; and a man never knows the expense till he gets one."

"Mother," said little Ned one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night; it was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

pened. You shall never see my mother again. We will leave this place to-morrow. We will go away in the yacht. Does it matter where we live, so long as we live for each other? Forgive and forget! Oh, Valeria, Valeria, forgive and forget!"

Unutterable misery was in his face; unutterable misery was in his voice. Remember this. And remember that I loved him.

"It is easy to forgive," I said, sadly. "For your sake, Eustace, I will try to forget."

I raised him gently as I spoke. He kissed my hands with the air of a man who was too humble to venture on any more familiar expression of his gratitude than that. The sense of embarrassment between us as we slowly walked on again was so unendurable that I actually cast about in my mind for a subject of conversation as if I had been in the company of a stranger! In mercy to *him*, I asked him to tell me about the yacht.

He seized on the subject as a drowning man seizes on the hand that rescues him.

On that one poor little topic of the yacht he talked, talked, talked, as if his life depended upon his not being silent for an instant on the rest of the way back. To me it was dreadful to hear him. I could estimate what he was suffering by the violence which he—ordinarily a silent and thoughtful man—was now doing to his true nature and to the prejudices and habits of his life. With the greatest difficulty I preserved my self-control until we reached the door of our lodgings. There I was obliged to plead fatigue, and ask him to let me rest for a little while in the solitude of my own room.

"Shall we sail to-morrow?" he called after me suddenly, as I ascended the stairs.

Sail with him to the Mediterranean the next day? Pass weeks and weeks absolutely alone with him, in the narrow limits of a vessel, with his horrible secret parting us in sympathy farther and farther from each other day by day? I shuddered at the thought of it.

"To-morrow is rather a short notice," I said. "Will you give me a little longer time to prepare for the voyage?"

"Oh yes—take any time you like," he answered, not (as I thought) very willingly. "While you are resting—there are still one or two little things to be settled—I think I will go back to the yacht. Is there any thing I can do for you, Valeria, before I go?"

"Nothing—thank you, Eustace."

He hastened away to the harbor. Was he afraid of his own thoughts, if he was left by himself in the house? Was the company of the sailing-master and the steward better than no company at all?

It was useless to ask. What did I know about him or his thoughts? I locked myself into my room.

CHAPTER V.

THE LANDLADY'S DISCOVERY.

I sat down, and tried to compose my spirits. Now or never was the time to decide what it was my duty to my husband and my duty to myself to do next.

The effort was beyond me. Worn out in mind and body alike, I was perfectly incapable of pursuing any regular train of thought. I vaguely felt—if I left things as they were—that I could never hope to remove the shadow which now rested on the married life that had begun so brightly. We might live together, so as to save appearances. But to forget what had happened, or to feel satisfied with my position, was beyond the power of my will. My tranquillity as a woman—perhaps my dearest interests as a wife—depended absolutely on penetrating the mystery of my mother-in-law's conduct, and on discovering the true meaning of the wild words of penitence and self-reproach which my husband had addressed to me on our way home.

So far I could advance toward realizing my position—and no farther. When I asked myself what was to be done next, hopeless confusion, maddening doubt, filled my mind, and transformed me into the most listless and helpless of living women.

I gave up the struggle. In dull, stupid, obstinate despair, I threw myself on my bed, and fell from sheer fatigue into a broken, uneasy sleep.

I was awakened by a knock at the door of my room.

Was it my husband? I started to my feet as the idea occurred to me. Was some new trial of my patience and my fortitude at hand? Half nervously, half irritably, I asked who was there.

The landlady's voice answered me.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, if you please?"

I opened the door. There is no disguising it—though I loved him so dearly, though I had left home and friends for his sake, it was a relief to me, at that miserable time, to know that Eustace had not returned to the house.

The landlady came in, and took a seat, without waiting to be invited, close by my side. She was no longer satisfied with merely asserting herself as my equal. Ascending another step on the social ladder, she took her stand on the platform of patronage, and charitably looked down on me as an object of pity.

"I have just returned from Broadstairs," she began. "I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I sincerely regret what has happened?"

I bowed, and said nothing.

"As a gentlewoman myself," proceeded the landlady—"reduced by family misfortunes to let lodgings, but still a gentlewoman—I feel sincere sympathy with you. I will even go farther than that. I will take it on myself to say that I don't blame *you*. No, no. I noticed that you were as much shocked and surprised at your mother-in-law's conduct as I was; and that is saying a great deal—a great deal indeed. However, I have a duty to perform. It is disagreeable, but it is not the less a duty on that account. I am a single woman; not from want of opportunities of changing my condition—I beg you will understand that—but from choice. Situated as I am, I receive only the most respectable persons into my house. There must be no mystery about the positions of *my* lodgers. Mystery in the position of a lodger carries with it—what shall I say? I don't wish to offend you—I will say, a certain Taint. Very well. Now I put it to your own common-sense. Can a person in my position be expected to expose herself to—Taint? I make these remarks in a sisterly and Christian spirit. As a lady yourself—I will even go the length of saying a cruelly used lady—you will, I am sure, understand—"

I could endure it no longer. I stopped her there.

"I understand," I said, "that you wish to give us notice to quit your lodgings. When do you want us to go?"

The landlady held up a long, lean, red hand, in sorrowful and sisterly protest.

"No," she said. "Not that tone; not those looks. It's natural you should be annoyed; it's natural you should be angry. But do—now do please try and control yourself. I put it to your own common-sense (we will say a week for the notice to quit)—why not treat me like a friend? You don't know what a sacrifice, what a cruel sacrifice, I have made—entirely for your sake."

"You?" I exclaimed. "What sacrifice?"

"What sacrifice?" repeated the landlady. "I have degraded myself as a gentlewoman. I have forfeited my own self-respect." She paused for a moment, and suddenly seized me by the hand, in a perfect frenzy of friendship. "Oh, my poor dear!" cried this intolerable person. "I have discovered every thing. A villain has deceived you. You are no more married than I am!"

I snatched my hand out of hers, and rose angrily from my chair.

"Are you mad?" I asked.

The landlady raised her eyes to the ceiling with the air of a person who had deserved martyrdom, and who submitted to it cheerfully.

"Yes," she said. "I begin to think I *am* mad—mad to have devoted myself to an ungrateful woman, to a person who doesn't appreciate a sisterly and Christian sacrifice of self. Well, I won't do it again. Heaven forgive me—I won't do it again!"

"Do what again?" I asked.

"Follow your mother-in-law," cried the landlady, suddenly dropping the character of a martyr, and assuming the character of a vixen in its place. "I blush when I think of it. I followed that most respectable person every step of the way to her own door."

Thus far my pride had held me up. It sustained me no longer. I dropped back again into my chair, in undisguised dread of what was coming next.

"I gave you a look when I left you on the beach," pursued the landlady, growing louder and louder and redder and redder as she went on. "A grateful woman would have understood that look. Never mind! I won't do it again. I overtook your mother-in-law at the gap in the cliff. I followed her—oh, how I feel the disgrace of it *now!*—I followed her to the station at Broadstairs. She went back by train to Ramsgate. *I* went back by train to Ramsgate. She walked to her lodgings. *I* walked to her lodgings. Behind her. Like a dog. Oh, the disgrace of it! Providentially, as I then thought—I don't know what to think of it now—the landlord of the house happened to be a friend of mine, and happened to be at home. We have no secrets from each other where lodgers are concerned. I am in a position to tell you, madam, what your mother-in-law's name really is. She knows nothing about any such person as Mrs. Woodville, for an excellent reason. Her name is *not* Woodville. Her name (and consequently her son's name) is Macallan—Mrs. Macallan, widow of the late General Macallan. Yes! your husband is *not* your husband. You are neither maid, wife, nor widow. You are worse than nothing, madam—and you leave my house!"

I stopped her as she opened the door to go out. She had roused *my* temper by this time. The doubt that she had cast on my marriage was more than mortal resignation could endure.

"Give me Mrs. Macallan's address," I said.

The landlady's anger receded into the background, and the landlady's astonishment appeared in its place.

"You don't mean to tell me you are going to the old lady herself?" she said.

"Nobody but the old lady can tell me what I want to know," I answered. "Your discovery (as you call it) may be enough for *you;* it is not enough for *me*. How do we know that Mrs. Macallan may not have been twice married? and that her first husband's name may not have been Woodville?"

The landlady's astonishment subsided in its turn, and the landlady's curiosity succeeded as the ruling influence of the moment. Substantially, as I have already said of her, she was a good-natured woman. Her fits of temper (as is usual with good-natured people) were of the hot and the short-lived sort, easily roused and easily appeased.

"I never thought of that," she said. "Look here! if I give you the address, will you promise to tell me all about it when you come back?"

I gave the required promise, and received the address in return.

"No malice," said the landlady, suddenly resuming all her old familiarity with me.

"No malice," I answered, with all possible cordiality on my side.

In ten minutes more I was at my mother-in-law's lodgings.

CHAPTER VI.

MY OWN DISCOVERY.

Fortunately for me, the landlord did not open the door when I rang. A stupid maid-of-all-work, who never thought of asking me for my name, let me in. Mrs. Macallan was at home, and had no visitors with her. Giving me this information, the maid led the way up stairs, and showed me into the drawing-room without a word of announcement.

My mother-in-law was sitting alone, near a work-table, knitting. The moment I appeared in the doorway she laid aside her work, and, rising, signed to me with a commanding gesture of her hand to let her speak first.

"I know what you have come here for," she said. "You have come here to ask questions. Spare yourself, and spare me. I warn you beforehand that I will not answer any questions relating to my son."

It was firmly but not harshly said. I spoke firmly in my turn.

"I have not come here, madam, to ask questions about your son," I answered. "I have come, if you will excuse me, to ask you a question about yourself."

She started, and looked at me keenly over her spectacles. I had evidently taken her by surprise.

"What is the question?" she inquired.

"I now know for the first time, madam, that your name is Macallan," I said. "Your son has married me under the name of Woodville. The only honorable explanation of this circumstance, so far as I know, is that my husband is your son by a first marriage. The happiness of my life is at stake. Will you kindly consider my position? Will you let me ask if you have been twice married, and if the name of your first husband was Woodville?"

She considered a little before she replied.

"The question is a perfectly natural one, in your position," she said. "But I think I had better not answer it."

"May I ask why?"

"Certainly. If I answered you, I should only lead to other questions, and I should be obliged to decline replying to them. I am sorry to disappoint you. I repeat what I said on the beach—I have no other feeling than a feeling of sympathy toward *you*. If you had consulted me before your marriage, I should willingly have admitted you to my fullest confidence. It is now too late. You are married. I recommend you to make the best of your position, and to rest satisfied with things as they are."

"Pardon me, madam," I remonstrated. "As things are, I don't know that I *am* married. All I know, unless you enlighten me, is that your son has married me under a name that is not his own. How can I be sure whether I am or am not his lawful wife?"

"I believe there can be no doubt that you are lawfully my son's wife," Mrs. Macallan answered. "At any rate it is easy to take a legal opinion on the subject. If the opinion is that you are *not* lawfully married, my son (whatever his faults and failings may be) is a gentleman. He is incapable of willfully deceiving a woman who loves and trusts him. He will do you justice. On my side, I will do you justice too. If the legal opinion is adverse to your rightful claims, I will promise to answer any questions which you may choose to put to me. As it is, I believe you to be lawfully my son's wife; and I say again, make the best of your position. Be satisfied with your husband's affectionate devotion to you. If you value your peace of mind and the happiness of your life to come, abstain from attempting to know more than you know now."

She sat down again with the air of a woman who had said her last word.

Further remonstrance would be useless; I could see it in her face; I could hear it in her voice. I turned round to open the drawing-room door.

"You are hard on me, madam," I said at parting. "I am at your mercy, and I must submit."

She suddenly looked up, and answered me with a flush on her kind and handsome old face.

"As God is my witness, child, I pity you from the bottom of my heart!"

After that extraordinary outburst of feeling, she took up her work with one hand, and signed to me with the other to leave her.

I bowed to her in silence, and went out.

I had entered the house far from feeling sure of the course I ought to take in the future. I left the house positively resolved, come what might of it, to discover the secret which the mother and son were hiding from me. As to the question of the name, I saw it now in the light in which I ought to have seen it from the first. If Mrs. Macallan *had* been twice married (as I had rashly chosen to suppose) she would certainly have shown some signs of recognition when she heard me addressed by her first husband's name. Where all else was mystery, there was no mystery here. Whatever his reasons might be, Eustace had assuredly married me under an assumed name.

Approaching the door of our lodgings, I saw my husband walking backward and forward before it, evidently waiting for my return. If he asked me the question, I decided to tell him frankly where I had been, and what had passed between his mother and myself.

He hurried to meet me with signs of disturbance in his face and manner.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Valeria," he said. "Do you mind returning with me to London by the next train?"

I looked at him. In the popular phrase, I could hardly believe my own ears.

"It's a matter of business," he went on, "of no interest to any one but myself, and it requires my presence in London. You don't wish to sail just yet, as I understand? I can't leave you here by yourself. Have you any objection to going to London for a day or two?"

I made no objection. I too was eager to go back.

In London I could obtain the legal opinion which would tell me whether I was lawfully married to Eustace or not. In London I should be within reach of the help and advice of my father's faithful old clerk. I could confide in Benjamin as I could confide in no one else. Dearly as I loved my uncle Starkweather, I shrank from communicating with him in my present need. His wife had told me that I had made a bad beginning when I signed the wrong name in the marriage register. Shall I own it? My pride shrank from acknowledging, before the honeymoon was over, that his wife was right.

In two hours more we were on the railway again. Ah, what a contrast that second journey presented to the first! On our way to Ramsgate every body could see that we were a newly wedded couple. On our way to London nobody noticed us; nobody would have doubted that we had been married for years.

We went to a private hotel in the neighborhood of Portland Place.

After breakfast the next morning Eustace announced that he must leave me to attend to his business. I had previously mentioned to him that I had some purchases to make in London. He was quite willing to let me go out alone, on the condition that I should take a carriage provided by the hotel.

My heart was heavy that morning: I felt the unacknowledged estrangement that had grown up between us very keenly. My husband opened the door to go out, and came back to kiss me before he left me by myself. That little afterthought of tenderness touched me. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I put my arm round his neck, and held him to me gently.

"My darling," I said, "give me all your confidence. I know that you love me. Show that you can trust me too."

He sighed bitterly, and drew back from me—in sorrow, not in anger.

"I thought we had agreed, Valeria, not to return to that subject again," he said. "You only distress yourself and distress me."

He left the room abruptly, as if he dare not trust himself to say more. It is better not to dwell on what I felt after this last repulse. I ordered the carriage at once. I was eager to find a refuge from my own thoughts in movement and change.

I drove to the shops first, and made the purchases which I had mentioned to Eustace by way of giving a reason for going out. Then I devoted myself to the object which I really had at heart. I went to old Benjamin's little villa, in the by-ways of St. John's Wood.

As soon as he had got over the first surprise of seeing me he noticed that I looked pale and care-worn. I confessed at once that I was in trouble. We sat down together by the bright fire-side in his little library (Benjamin, as far as his means would allow, was a great collector of books), and there I told my old friend, frankly and truly, all that I have told here.

He was too distressed to say much. He fervently pressed my hand; he fervently thanked God that my father had not lived to hear what he had heard. Then, after a pause, he repeated my mother-in-law's name to himself in a doubting, questioning tone.

"Macallan?" he said. "Macallan? Where have I heard that name? Why does it sound as if it wasn't strange to me?"

He gave up pursuing the lost recollection, and asked, very earnestly, what he could do for me. I answered that he could help me, in the first place, to put an end to the doubt—an unendurable doubt to *me*—whether I was lawfully married or not. His energy of the old days when he had conducted my father's business showed itself again the moment I said those words.

"Your carriage is at the door, my dear," he answered. "Come with me to my own lawyer, without wasting another moment."

We drove to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

At my request Benjamin put my case to the lawyer as the case of a friend in whom I was interested. The answer was given without hesitation. I had married, honestly believing my husband's name to be the name under which I had known him. The witnesses to my marriage—my uncle, my aunt, and Benjamin—had acted, as I had acted, in perfect good faith. Under those circumstances, there was no doubt about the law. I was legally married. Macallan or Woodville, I was his wife.

This decisive answer relieved me of a heavy anxiety. I accepted my old friend's invitation to return with him to St. John's Wood, and to make my luncheon at his early dinner.

On our way back I reverted to the one other subject which was now uppermost in my mind. I reiterated my resolution to discover why Eustace had not married me under the name that was really his own.

My companion shook his head, and entreated me to consider well beforehand what I proposed doing. His advice to me—so strangely do extremes meet!—was my mother-in-law's advice, repeated almost word for word. "Leave things as they are, my dear. In the interest of your own peace of mind be satisfied with your husband's affection. You know that you are his wife, and you know that he loves you. Surely that is enough?"

I had but one answer to this. Life, on such conditions as my good friend had just stated, would be simply unendurable to me. Nothing could alter my resolution—for this plain reason, that nothing could reconcile me to living with my husband on the terms on which we were living now. It only rested with Benjamin to say whether he would give a helping hand to his master's daughter or not.

The old man's answer was thoroughly characteristic of him.

"Mention what you want of me, my dear," was all he said.

We were then passing a street in the neighborhood of Portman Square. I was on the point of speaking again, when the words were suspended on my lips. I saw my husband.

He was just descending the steps of a house—as if leaving it after a visit. His eyes were on the ground: he did not look up when the carriage passed. As the servant closed the door behind him, I noticed that the number of the house was sixteen. At the next corner I saw the name of the street. It was Vivian Place.

"Do you happen to know who lives at number sixteen Vivian Place?" I inquired of my companion.

Benjamin started. My question was certainly a strange one, after what he had just said to me.

"No," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I have just seen Eustace leaving that house."

"Well, my dear, and what of that?"

"My mind is in a bad way, Benjamin. Every thing my husband does that I don't understand rouses my suspicion now."

Benjamin lifted his withered old hands, and let them drop on his knees again in mute lamentation over me.

"I tell you again," I went on, "my life is unendurable to me. I won't answer for what I may do if I am left much longer to live in doubt of the one man on earth whom I love. You have had experience of the world. Suppose you were shut out from Eustace's confidence, as I am? Suppose you were as fond of him as I am, and felt your position as bitterly as I feel it—what would you do?"

The question was plain. Benjamin met it with a plain answer.

"I think I should find my way, my dear, to some intimate friend of your husband's," he said, "and make a few discreet inquiries in that quarter first."

Some intimate friend of my husband's? I considered with myself. There was but one friend of his whom I knew of—my uncle's correspondent, Major Fitz-David. My heart beat fast as the name recurred to my memory. Suppose I followed Benjamin's advice? Suppose I applied to Major Fitz-David? Even if he too refused to answer my questions, my position would not be more helpless than it was now. I determined to make the attempt. The only difficulty in the way, so far, was to discover the major's address. I had given back his letter to Doctor Starkweather, at my uncle's own request. I remembered that the address from which the major wrote was somewhere in London—and I remembered no more.

"Thank you, old friend; you have given me an idea already," I said to Benjamin. "Have you got a Directory in your house?"

"No, my dear," he rejoined, looking very much puzzled. "But I can easily send out and borrow one."

We returned to the villa. The servant was sent at once to the nearest stationer's to borrow a Directory. She returned with the book just as we sat down to dinner. Searching for the major's name under the letter F, I was startled by a new discovery.

"Benjamin!" I said. "This is a strange coincidence. Look here!"

He looked where I pointed. Major Fitz-David's address was Number Sixteen Vivian Place—the very house which I had seen my husband leaving as we passed in the carriage!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who is now on the way to the United States, has contracted to write a weekly letter from America, which is to be manifolded and sent to some twenty-five British provincial journals, each of which is to pay $10,000 for the manuscript—giving Mr. Dixon about $250 a week for his hour or two of weekly labor.

—Garibaldi has just published an account of his famous expedition against the Roman States. It has been published by subscription, and the profits have amounted to 12,000 francs, which is said to be all his fortune. It is about $2500 Yankee money, and no good American could be perfectly happy on that.

—The French papers state that after building his new house M. Thiers will have saved $200,000 out of the grant of $212,000 allowed him as a compensation for injuries done him by the Commune.

—Mr. Ruskin, who has been regarded as one of the most fastidious of men, has recently stated in print that he comes of plebeian stock: "My mother was a sailor's daughter, so please you; one of my aunts was a baker's wife, the other a tanner's; and I don't know much more about my family, except that there used to be a greengrocer of the name in a small shop near the Crystal Palace."

—The new college at Oxford, named after and to be erected in honor of Keble, is to cost $500,000, the entire sum of which is to be given by one man, Mr. Gibbs.

—Mr. Horatio Nelson Slater, of Webster, Massachusetts, has given $25,000 to Brown University, in addition to the same amount previously presented by him.

—Mr. Gladstone has been visiting the eminent Dr. Döllinger at Bonn. It may be assumed that they went over matters of religion as it affects matters of state, and that when opportunity offers Mr. Gladstone will expatiate thereupon.

—Just before his death, Guizot, in conversing with a friend, said: "I did not change, but Thiers never failed to change his views on any subject whatever. What a little wriggler!" Guizot's last illness exhibited an unusual species of periodicity. Between five in the afternoon and eleven o'clock next morning his mind was a blank. He could not remember dates, facts, persons, colors, nor comprehend any observation. At noon his intelligence returned, and was active and clear for several hours, only to be obscured again at 5 P.M.

—When Marshal Bazaine first reached Arenenberg the Empress refused to see him. He then sent word that he had in his possession some important papers, and wished to know what disposition he was to make of them. He was then received. The papers related to the Mexican expedition.

—Mr. W. Pembroke Fetridge, author of the popular European guide-book published by Harper & Brothers, has been elected a member of the French Geographical Society. The honor is a rare one, the only other Americans who have been made members being General J. Meredith Read, minister to Greece, and Professor Arnold, of Princeton College.

—Mr. Alexander Duncan, of Providence, Rhode Island (senior member of the banking firm of Duncan, Sherman, & Co., of this city), has lately caused to be made for the Massachusetts Historical Society a copy of a very remarkable portrait of Washington, now in the possession of the Earl of Albemarle, in England. The portrait was painted in this country, as is supposed, in 1779, and was designed as a present for the Stadtholder of Holland. It was intrusted to Henry Laurens, who in the latter part of that year sailed for the Hague as the minister of the United States to the Stadtholder's court; and when Laurens was captured by Captain Keppel, of the British navy, and sent to the Tower of London, the picture became the property of the captor. Captain Keppel presented it to his uncle, Admiral Lord Keppel, from whom it descended to the present Earl of Albemarle. The picture has long been known to exist, and great interest has been felt concerning it, on account of its history and of the period of Washington's life at which it was painted, and also an account of the broad blue ribbon which he wore over his breast, and which gave rise in England to the belief that he had been made a marshal of France.

—The last sketch of Bismarck says he is a rollicking, overbearing man, and his wife, children, and friends stand in awe of him. He eats cold sausages and black-bread for breakfast, swallows an enormous dinner, washed down with large goblets of Burgundy. He smokes, works, and talks perpetually. He is funny when pleased, very formidable, very rash, and very independent.

—If the following "personal" did not come through a gentleman who is noted for accuracy—Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *Tribune*—we should be inclined to regard it as a drollery, whereas it soars into the realm of fact. The Prince of Wales was traveling in France (the reader probably remembers France), and at a station where the Paris train stops for refreshments bought a cake, bit a piece out of it, left it, threw the waiter a napoleon, and went his royal way. The waiter was well satisfied with his share in the transaction, repeated the tale to admiring hearers, and for the convincing of the incredulous, put the cake under a glass cover. The next train brought more Englishmen, who, observing a fragment of cake thus carefully put away, asked about it, and when told could hardly do less than fee the lucky waiter who told them. One of them, more loyal than the rest, bought the cake with its marks of princely teeth. The waiter was a man of genius. He bit a piece out of another cake, put that under the same glass cover, and showed and sold that cake to the next passengers, and so on for some days—perhaps to this day.

—Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta Stanley attended the funeral of M. Guizot, and Lady Stanley threw flowers on the coffin.

—Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, second son of the deceased nephew of the great Napoleon, was recently admitted to the bar of Baltimore, and made his maiden speech a few days since in a case in the Circuit Court of Howard County. The lawyers and spectators present pronounced it an able effort, giving promise of future distinction. Mr. Bonaparte is a fine-looking young man, of grave aspect, with a fine head, and a face full of intellectual expression.

—Colonel Forney makes mention of a pleasant visit to Colonel Puleston, at Marden Park, in Surrey. A republican in America, Colonel Puleston is a Conservative in England. His popularity and ability are proved by the fact that after an animated canvass he was chosen by a large majority from a district heretofore heavily Liberal. "I found him," writes Colonel F., "surrounded by members of Parliament of both sides, dispensing a liberal hospitality in one of the oldest homes of rural England. Situated in a park such as you see nowhere else in the world, and in the neighborhood of men of large wealth and high rank, his home was not less a history than himself, and he seemed as easy in his new station as if he had been born to it. Mr. Puleston has lost none of his love of America, and nothing gives him more pleasure than to meet his old friends and stand forth for his old home."

—It is said to be the habit of General Von Moltke, when he arrives at his country-seat, to go first and pray at the grave of his wife, which is concealed by cypresses on a hillock in the park.

—Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan disdains the Presidency, and so stated boldly a few days ago to a gentleman in the neighborhood of his home in Perry County, Ohio. The blood-thirsty young warrior put in the phrases following: "I do not allow a thought on that subject to occupy my mind. I think many men have been ruined by thinking they ought to be President of the United States. All their actions, official and otherwise, have been controlled by that one idea. It becomes a disease with them. I am yet young enough to perform active duties, and I wish to labor, not to be led off by such an idea." We have heard it said by a gentleman whose position enables him to be perfectly well informed that General Grant regards Sheridan as decidedly the ablest general in the army.

—Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, has driven the first Protestant nail into the coffin of expensive funerals, and especially deprecates the wanton expenditure lavished in floral displays on such occasions. Modern fashionable funerals bear heavily on the living who are forced to pay for them. The price of a coffin when ornamented is equal to the rent of a comfortable cottage. The long escort of carriages often conveys none but habitual funeral-goers, and the friends send flowers because they are expected to do so. If a few influential people would set their faces against these absurd practices, they might be abated, as the movement would receive the attention of every sensible person. Good taste revolts at such display, while actual justice demands that an afflicted family should not be subjected to an outlay beyond its power to prevent at a time when any interference might seem unfeeling.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Considerable discussion is now going on in reference to the propriety of the proposed plan of the French government of filling a depression in the Sahara Desert by allowing the entrance of water from the Mediterranean, many questions arising as to the effect not only upon the country, but upon the regions north of the Mediterranean.

It is well known that the sirocco (or the *Föhn* of the German), after crossing the Mediterranean, expends itself upon the snows and glaciers of the Alps, and tends in a considerable degree to prevent their undue extension, as in an earlier geological period. Many persons fear that, should this depression be filled with water, the proper amount of dry heat will not be produced to regulate the glaciers, and that in consequence they will probably extend far into the plains, and perhaps in a measure reproduce the climatic conditions that existed during the reindeer period, the evidences of which are so abundant in Southern Europe.

This has been stoutly contested by other writers, who insist that the effect of so comparatively small a surface will not be appreciable in this way, but that it will involve a very beneficial change in the climate of North Africa, whereby the regions adjacent to the new lake will experience a succession of showers, by which they will become comparatively fertile.

Professor Leverrier, who takes the latter ground, refers to the beneficial action of water in the little thread of the Suez Canal, and infers from it what will be the result in the evaporation from a surface about 160 miles long and 25 to 30 broad.

In further objection to the proposition Mr. Houyvet, however, remarks, in a communication to the French Academy, that it will not be difficult to establish this sea; the problem will be how to keep it up. Supposing, however, according to his communication, the sea to be established by means of a canal, it would lose an enormous quantity of water by evaporation every day, without the introduction of an equal volume of fresh-water. The water evaporated being replaced by a supply coming through the canal, the whole body would soon reach the maximum of saturation. The evaporation still continuing, a deposit of salt would be formed, which in time would fill up the whole space of the interior sea, and the salinity of the water would be such that no animal life could be sustained in it, and the ultimate result would be simply the accumulation of an immense deposit of salt.

The projectors are very strongly of the opinion, however, that the presence of this water and its evaporation would produce copious rains, which would in large measure return into the sea, and not only accomplish the object referred to, but also convert what is now a sterile waste into a fertile country.

The newly organized geological survey of Wisconsin is now in its second year of field work, under Professor J. A. Lapham, and promises to do good service in the development of the industrial and economical resources of the State. At present the work is in progress in Portage County under the charge of Mr. Roland Irving, in Manitowac under C. C. Chamberlin, and in Green County under Moses Strong.

The enactment under which the survey is prosecuted became a law on the 19th of March, 1873, and it is provided that a full series of the geological collections shall be deposited with the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, with the State University, and with the different colleges of the State and the normal schools, provided an application be made to the chief geologist before the commencement of the field work. The service is to be completed within four years of the time of its commencement.

According to a report in the *Commercial Relations* for September, 1873, the total value of the fisheries of the Dominion of Canada for 1871 is as follows:

New Brunswick	$1,185,000 00
Quebec, including Magdalen Islands	1,214,633 95
Ontario	193,524 00
Nova Scotia	5,101,030 90
Making the total value of the Canadian fisheries for 1871	$7,694,188 85

Upward of 20,000 men were employed in Nova Scotia alone in the fisheries.

The Geographical Society of Paris has been informed of the death of two French travelers, M. Dournaux-Dupéré and M. Joubert, while on an exploring expedition in the Sahara Desert. They were both murdered by some natives on the 17th of April.

The Maryland Academy of Sciences proposes to establish a botanical conservatory at Druid Hill Park as soon as the sum of $50,000 can be obtained for the purpose. One of the members, now on a visit to Europe, has been paying attention to the selection of a suitable model for imitation.

Among the deaths not previously announced in our columns is that of Professor Angström, of Sweden, a specialist in the line of the physical sciences.

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania is endeavoring to secure a permanent publishing fund, and offers, in return for subscriptions of $25, to supply to each subscriber during his life a copy of every work issued by the society, and to public libraries those published during twenty years to come. The fund already received amounts to $21,000. The money is placed in the hands of trustees, and the interest only used. It is stated that more than nine hundred persons and libraries have, so far, subscribed, and additional names are desired for the sake of increasing the available resources. The society has recently published a translation of the *History of the Swedish Congregations on the Delaware River*, by Israel Acrelius. This forms an octavo volume of 500 pages, well illustrated. They will also soon publish a historical map of Pennsylvania, on which will be restored a large amount of aboriginal nomenclature, sites of forts, boundaries of purchases from the Indians, etc.

The French government has voted 30,000 francs to the meteorological department of the National Observatory; and Leverrier is about to resume the work of international meteorology, with the intention of abandoning local meteorology to the departmental observatory of Mount Souris.

The tenth number of the quarto work on *Indigenous and Foreign Lepidoptera*, published by Mr. Hermann Strecker, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has just made its appearance. This, like its predecessors, consists of one plate with thickly crowded figures, in the present case thirty in number, with accompanying text. The genus *Lycæna* is treated of in the present number, the author including under his generic appellation the copper-colored species of *Polyommatus*, which he does not consider generically distinguishable.

The death of Mr. Robert Shuttleworth is announced as having taken place recently at Berne, in Switzerland. Mr. Shuttleworth was an English gentleman, long resident, however, in Switzerland, and a specialist in conchology and botany, numerous papers in relation to each of these branches having been published by him both in Continental and English journals.

A law was enacted by the Pennsylvania Legislature on the 14th of May providing for a new geological survey of the State, this to consist of two divisions, one embracing the State geologist and his special scientific assistants, the other the business department, constituted by ten commissioners from different parts of the State, who, with the Governor, act as a supervisory board. This board is to meet at Harrisburg every three months to supervise the execution of the work, and their indorsement is necessary for the initiation of any particular undertaking, although, when authorized, there is to be no subsequent interference with the chief geologist in carrying it out.

Three years are allowed for the completion of the work, and $35,000 per annum is appropriated. A cabinet of specimens of geology and the mineral resources is to be gathered for ultimate exhibition. Nine assistants have been appointed by Professor Lesley, each with his special corps, with the view of more rapidly accomplishing the objects of the survey.

For the coming year the investigations are to be of the primary ores of York and Adams counties, the limonite ores of the Lehigh Valley, the fossil ores of the Juniata Valley, the bituminous coal fields of Clearfield and Jefferson, and the oil region of Butler, Clarion, and Venango counties. A review of the upper oil region is to be completed during the present season; possibly also a portion of the anthracite coal region. A special laboratory for iron ores and iron and steel is to be established at Harrisburg, together with suitable rooms for the museum. Dr. Genth has been appointed mineralogist of the survey.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It is related of a certain minister who was noted for his long sermons with many divisions that one day, when he was advancing among his *teens*, he reached at length a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, he asked the question, "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded, "Say Amen!"

A man may be properly said to have been drinking like a fish when he finds that he has taken enough to make his head swim.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business; one is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind.

"A play upon words," as the fireman said when he thrust his hose into the bookseller's shop to put out the flames.

When is a loaf of bread said to be inhabited?—When it has a little Indian in it.

A Western stump-orator, in the course of one of his speeches, remarked, "Gentlemen, if the Par-sy-fic Ocean wor an inkstand, and the hull clouded canopy of heaven and the level ground of our yearth wor a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country on to it."

"Do you believe there are any people who never heard *Old Hundred?*" asked a musical young lady at the family table. "Lots of folks never heard it," interrupted a precocious young brother. "Where are they, I should like to know?" "In the deaf-and-dumb asylums!"

A good suggestion is like a crying baby: it should always be carried out.

Madder colors red. This is the reason why the madder we get the redder we grow.

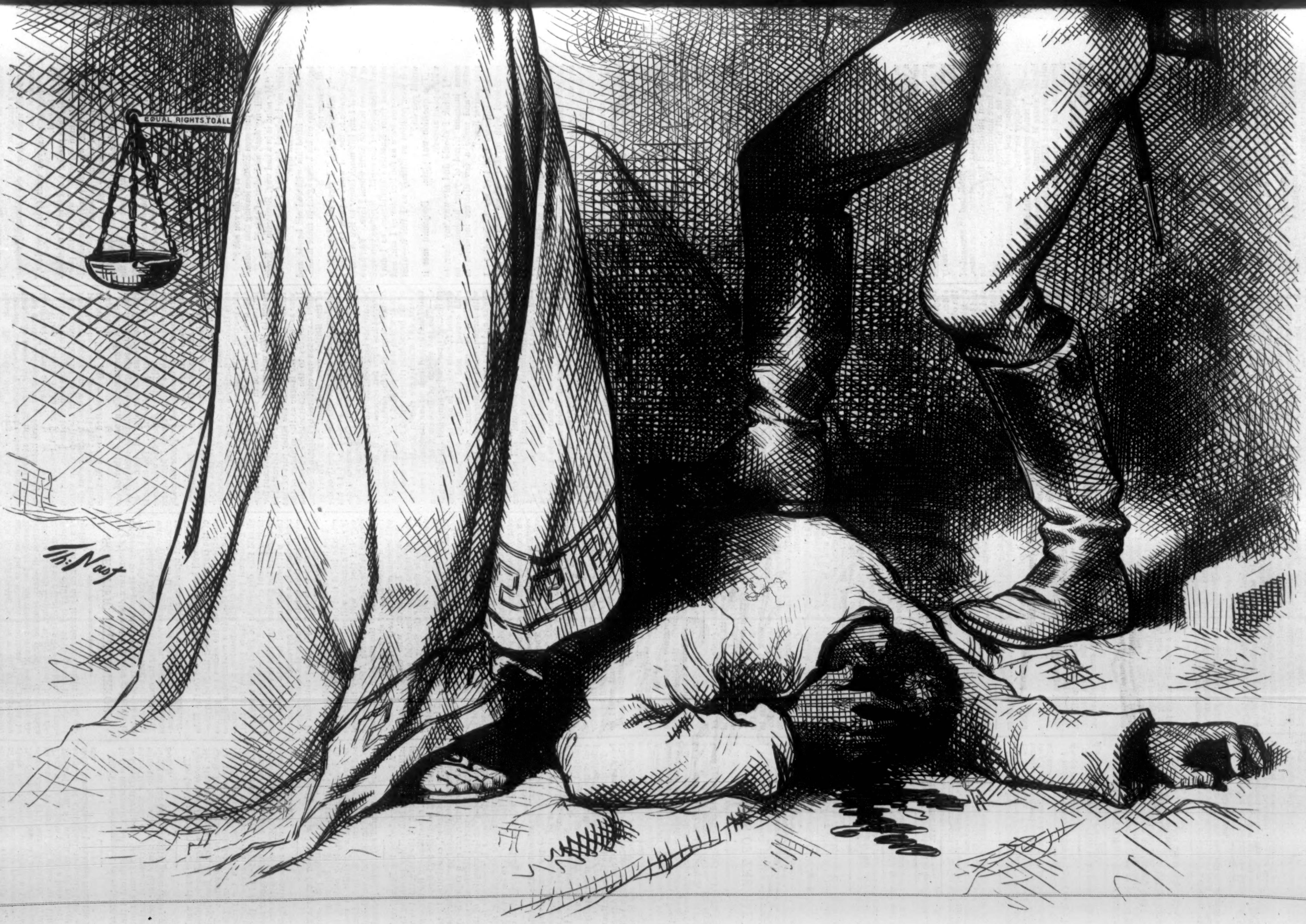
"AN APOSTROPHY TO ONTARY."

Green are thy waters, green as bottled glass;
Behold them stretched thar!
Fine muskallonges and Oswegy bass
Is chiefly ketched thar.
Wonst the red Indian here had his delight,
Fished, fit, and bled;
Now the inhabitants are mostly white,
With nary red.

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats desponding to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

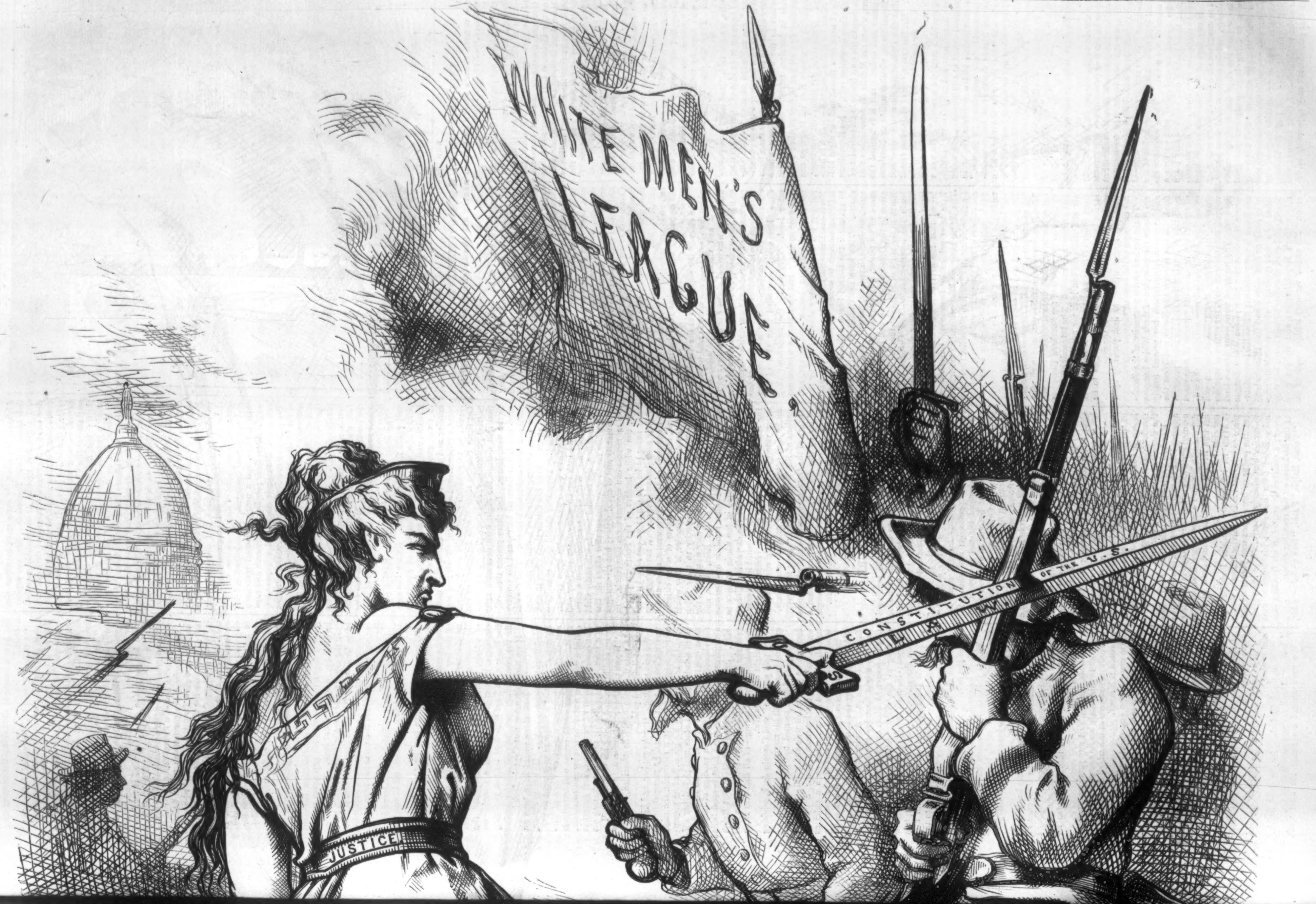
The following are the reasons why a ship is called she: "They are useless without employment; they bring news from abroad; they wear caps and bonnets; they are put in stays; they are often painted; and a man never knows the expense till he gets one."

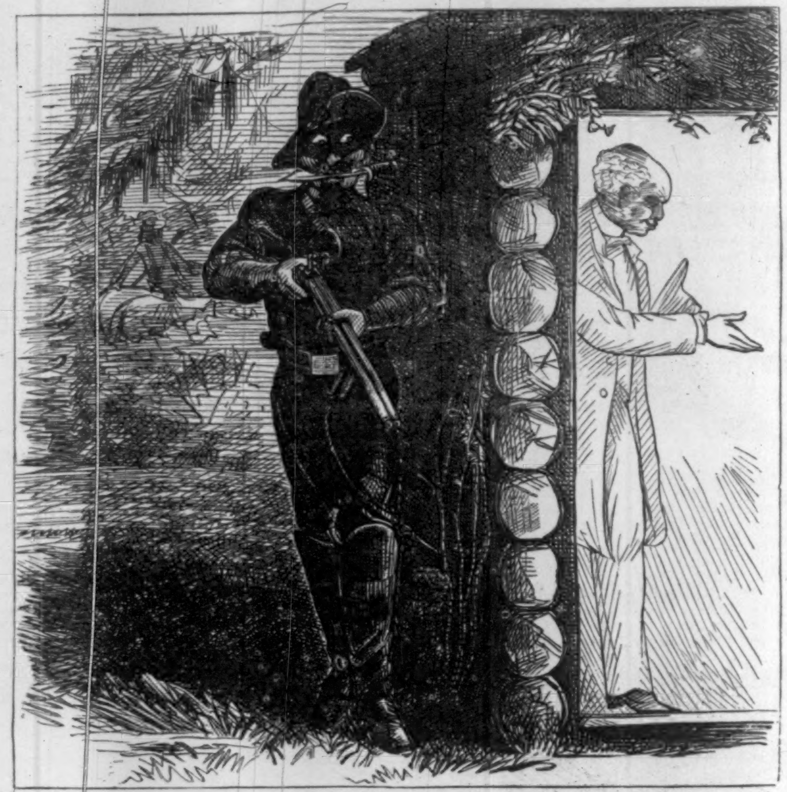
"Mother," said little Ned one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night; it was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."


EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL
Th: Nast

"HALT!"

"This is not the way 'to repress corruption and to initiate the Negroes into the ways of honest and orderly government.'"


WHITE MEN'S LEAGUE
CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.
LAW
U.S
JUSTICE


White Man.
Black Man.

THIS IS A WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT.

"The White Man's Party embraces nearly all the intelligence and wealth of the State."—New York *Tribune*.

However desirous our peaceable citizens may be of placing a more hopeful construction upon the condition of the Southern States than the events of the past few months will allow, the letters that are constantly received from the friends of the Union in that section show that they, at least, share in no such agreeable delusion. They steadily assert that the disunion faction is active in every part of the South, and that the political leaders who have assumed the name of Democrats are no better than traitors in disguise. In the neighborhood in Alabama where Mr. Billings was recently assassinated a reign of terror exists, we are told, that is "simply appalling." The Ku-Klux, masked and armed, in companies of two or three hundred, have resumed their nightly rides. They are composed of "the vilest and lowest" of the population, but they are supplied with money and horses, and supported by the countenance of the Democratic leaders, who hope by their aid to control the elections. They are determined, it seems, to force the negroes into insurrection; and the negroes, who, we are told, "are quiet and peaceable, and have no more idea of insurrection than an infant," are subjected to such horrible outrages as no other race has ever borne so patiently. Every night the murderers chase them from their cabins to the woods and swamps, where they hide in hopeless terror. Some are shot down as they fly; all live in fear of their lives, in a condition of misery that no language can describe. Meanwhile, our informant continues, "these villains—White Leaguers—march in hundreds by (I have seen them), making night hideous with their demoniac yells." No Republican dares to sleep in his own house in this district of Alabama, where the Mobile *Register* insists that all is peace and order. But it is against the white Republicans, whether native or Northern born, that the Democrats show their deadliest hatred. Mr. Billings, one of their most recent victims, was an amiable and excellent man, "a noble Northern gentleman, against whom not a word of reproach could be uttered." He was a moderate Republican, but careful never to introduce political topics in conversation, possessing a wide information, and a welcome visitor in every household "not prejudiced by passion." None of his friends dreamed of his assassination. He was shot down in the night by a troop of the masked and demoniac League. The Southern-born Unionists are no more secure than the Northern. Unless speedy help is given them they will be murdered like the patriot Billings. "I beg you in God's name," exclaims one of them, "to heed my cry for help, and spare no effort to have these murderers brought to justice."

These simple words, this cry for help, indicate what must be the true policy of our government and people. The justice of the nation should at once fall upon the murderers. In no country can such a condition of society be safely tolerated for a moment; in no country can it be suffered to prevail long without a total destruction of the moral sense of the people. These infamous associations should be extirpated with so firm a hand that their leaders and abettors may learn in future to dread the laws they now openly contemn. If any part of the Southern people have wrongs to complain of, let them do so peaceably and properly, and the nation will do them justice. They know that the chief desire of the whole country is to bring back prosperity and good order to their unhappy section. But when any part of the Southern people become assassins and open murderers, join in treasonable leagues, and defy the government, they can look for nothing but the strict punishment of their crimes; and however that punishment may apparently be delayed, it will come at last with redoubled severity. Coushatta and Grant Parish and the long list of murders and outrages at the South have yet to be atoned for by those who have been engaged in them. But that the government should suffer wild gangs of murderous villains to ride through the inland districts of Alabama, Texas, or Tennessee, hunting the white and black Republicans from their homes to swamps and forests, destroying the first principles of free government, forcing free citizens to abstain from voting by terror, committing barbarous murders and crimes that exceed the horrors of the Paris Commune or an Irish insurrection, is what the Southern leaders can no longer look for, and if they persist in rebellion, they must encounter a united nation. Their allies of Tammany Hall can no longer save them. The cry for help from the despairing Unionists has been heard by the people.

The class of the population at the South from which the White Leaguers come is said to be the "worst and vilest," the idle, dissipated, and worthless, who would gladly live by robbery rather than honest labor, and who even plunder the poor cabins of the negroes from which they have just driven the industrious inmates. Slavery has created in the Southern States a "dangerous class" less easily controlled than that of any other land. They terrify the moderate; they rule over society. But they have a wholesome respect for Northern justice and power, and nothing but the sympathy shown them by the Northern Democracy has supplied them with sufficient courage to seize upon New Orleans, or to massacre the United States officials at Coushatta. They hate the United States government, no doubt, intensely, but they have a clear sense of its power. It was the encouragement given by the Democratic press and leaders in the North to the party of M'Enery that led them to begin the insurrection at New Orleans. The White League would never have dared to show itself openly, even in Louisiana, if it had not hoped that the arm of the government would have been palsied by Democratic interference. The White Leaguers have evidently been misled by their Northern allies into the belief that they are objects of real sympathy and interest to their fellow-countrymen, that their nightly raids and midnight murders are looked upon with congenial interest by their Democratic brethren at the North, who long to join even in the poor pilfering of a negro cabin. But they will find, we believe, that there are not many native-born citizens either North, or West, or East who are not ready to listen to the appeal of the Southern Unionists and avenge their wrongs. The brigands of Georgia and Alabama can look for no different fate from those of Italy and Spain. Massachusetts is not accustomed to suffer her citizens to be murdered with impunity, nor is the great Northwest any longer willing to look patiently upon the outrages of the South.

To the revival of the prosperity of the Southern States the existence of these White Leagues and incessant disturbances has proved nearly fatal. While all over the North and West the swift tide of immigration and the rapid progress of trade have repaired the ravages of four years of warfare, and founded new nations in the wilderness, the unhappy South lies shrunken and wasted, covered with debt, the centre of hopeless poverty. The emigrant turns away from a land where the demoniac yells of the White League are heard in every district; where life is constantly in peril, or free speech and free thought banished by a rigid tyranny; where schools are neglected, and even churches burned down lest they might teach Republicanism and enforce good order. No settler ventures within reach of the Alabama Ku-Klux, or even cares to renew the rich lands on the Tennessee. Nor are capital and trade less timid. It is credibly asserted that but for the ceaseless crimes of the Leaguers even New Orleans might once more have become a flourishing port. It is certain that what Louisiana most wants is a chain of prosperous settlements like Coushatta, full of enterprise and thrift; but the White League has closed for many a year all hope of Northern aid to the fallen State, and in the midst of its madness the trade of New Orleans has probably been forever diverted. Debt, dishonor, and decay hang over all the Southern States where the White League rules. Even Texas is so impoverished as to have reached a virtual bankruptcy. Its Democratic Legislature robs the public schools, and its people tremble before the Ku-Klux. The fate of the Southern States under the rule of the White Man's League is so plainly indicated as to escape no observation. Diseased and decaying, they cling to the vigorous and progressive nation, perishing in the midst of their boundless strength and unimproved resources. Knowledge flies from their borders, and a nearly universal ignorance weighs down their people. Commerce and capital shrink from their disordered communities. The policy of murder and violence, the outrages of the White Man's League, have produced their necessary results, and population, intelligence, and wealth avoid the lawless land. Meanwhile the Free States grow with a swiftness that is unparalleled. They already surround the decaying South with a chain of powerful communities. Life, property, and liberty are secure even amidst the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and the free school and the church are the harbingers of limitless prosperity.

The wiser class of the Southern leaders may well profit from the contrast. Nature has supplied them with all the elements of progress; freedom and peace, wealth and plenty, lie within their grasp. But so long as they tolerate murder and riot within their midst, they must remain impoverished and fallen. Their first aim should be to establish good order every where. Let them consign their White Leaguers to the nearest penitentiary, and their vagabond population that disturb the night with demoniac yells to the work-house. Let them protect their colored population from all harm, and no country will have more assiduous laborers. That the negroes have become politicians is due to their danger in part. Fear has driven them often to seek office, for they knew that should their enemies—the M'Enerys and Penns—seize upon power, they could look for no safety from robbery and assassination. With kind treatment and a careful education, the colored people will easily yield to a white man's government that obeys the law of humanity and of equal rights; but no outrages and no terrors can convert them into rebels. In fact, the white leaders of the Southern people must cease to be the dupes or the abject slaves of their assassins and murderers, must reject the mad counsels of their Democratic allies at the North, must respect the rights of every citizen, and punish rebellion and disorder, if they would bring back hope and prosperity to their fallen land. And in such a course they would have the support and sympathy of the East, West, and North. But, on the other hand, it has become the duty of the people of the whole country to provide for the safety of the despairing Unionists. Let their cry for help be heard in the coming elections. Let each citizen remember that every vote given for a Democratic candidate is an implied approval of the murders and assassinations of the White Man's League; that every victory of the Democracy will be met with shouts of joy by the Alabama Ku-Klux, and spread a deadly terror in every loyal heart from Georgia to the Rio Grande. Eugene Lawrence.

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

As we steamed out of sight of the landing I watched Ralph narrowly to see if the familiar landmarks unmanned him or brought back the old irremediable trouble. I was glad to find that he wore the usual air of coldness and reticence that seemed to have quite taken the place of the old recklessness and impulse. His eyes were certainly fixed with unusual interest upon the sloping shores of the peninsula; and when a little fishing boat dropped her sail in one of the snug little coves near by, and a boatman stepping out disclosed the form of a woman and that of a little child clinging to her garments, Ralph turned away, a frown contracted his forehead, and he put his hand to his head as if to arrest a sharp remembrance there. But he was himself again presently, and began to contrast our glorious harbor with that of Naples. He was reminded of an amusing incident that occurred during our sojourn there, and as his low, somewhat musical laugh fell upon the evening air, I don't know what force impelled me to turn my head and look at a woman standing at the furthest end of the deck. She was leaning against one of the pillars of the boat, the folds of her dress blown about it by the sea-wind, and her long, slender, ungloved fingers resting caressingly upon the shoulders of a child by her side.

Her face was pale, even paler than of old. She appeared not to see me; her great luminous eyes seemed conscious of but the one object; but they fell upon Ralph with a gaze magnetic enough to lift him from that camp-stool and draw him to her side.

With an involuntary shudder I shifted my place to one that made a barrier between them; but the power of her glance was potent enough to render him already uneasy. The light gradually faded from his eyes; his laughter died away; a melancholy settled on his face like that of the darkness on the receding shores.

"Come, Ralph," I said, "let's go below a bit, and have a lounge in the cabin; the evening air is chill."

"I believe it must be," he replied, "for I feel a sort of trembling sensation about me. Pray Heaven it isn't a chill! It would be wonderful—now wouldn't it, Harry?—if, after escaping the plague in Syria and the cholera in Russia, I should fall a victim to an American specialty, fever and ague."

"The best thing in the world for that," I said, warily keeping my position in front of him, "is a good dose of brandy and pepper. Let's go below and get it."

"I believe you've got a touch of it too," he said, as we reached the stairs. "You've either turned a palish-green since I last looked at you, or it's the reflection of a dismal fancy."

Once reaching the comfortable region below the deck, the glow from the furnace shedding a sort of heat over the place, and the warm coloring in the furniture shutting out the cold light of the dying day up stairs, the strong dose of brandy dispelling all fear of miasma, Ralph and I disposed of ourselves in a couple of arm-chairs in the cabin, and resolved to remain there for the rest of the trip. He closed his eyes, and I thought he fell asleep; but, as for me, I never was more wide awake in my life.

What wonderful destiny brought that woman here at this moment? So many years had gone by without a word of communication between them, I began to hope that the gap never would be filled up, in this world at least.

In the other world there might something, perhaps, be done for two struggling, helpless souls; but here, hemmed in by circumstances unrelenting and even blameless, there was not even room for complaint.

It was not the fault of Ralph that he loved her. I don't believe he knew it himself till it was too late.

When we came down here long ago for that summer vacation, Heaven knows the place had charms enough to allure us. The broad waters of the bay were filled with game for our piscatorial fancy; the beautiful grouping of the clouds, the filtering of sunshine down through the leaves of woods, then untouched by the spoiler, the cloudless, heaven-bright days of a summer on the wave, were filled with food for our yearning for the beautiful.

If we had only never met Captain Jack!

Yet Captain Jack alone would have been an unadulterated element of joy. He was as clever, honest, and genial a fellow as ever went in pursuit of oysters in these waters or those of Virginia. His fishing smack might well have been called a yacht, it was so handsome and complete. But being the soul of hospitality, and generous to a fault, he would insist upon our sharing his house and home, and seeing his wife Mary.

"If you call the scow handsome, I don't know what you'll say to her!" he chuckled, with infinite delight and pride.

We said nothing. How he got her, and where, was useless to ask; but had he plunged to the nether deep and fished up a mermaid, the most beautiful in that watery kingdom, had he mounted in a balloon to the stars and picked her off from one of those bits of fire, had he ransacked the elements themselves for a prodigy of beauty and grace, he could not have gone beyond little May. Jack always called her Mary, but Ralph said she must be called May, because she was the embodiment of spring—of all that was fresh and bright and beautiful.

"I told you so!" said Captain Jack, winking and nodding with all his might.

The poor fellow seemed heartily to enjoy the homage we paid to his wife and child—for there was a baby in the boatman's home, a yellow-haired, blue-eyed infant, some such a child as would delight the eye and heart of a painter.

Ralph, unconsciously enough, fell into a habit of lounging away the best part of his time in the house by the shore. At almost any hour in the day one might hear his pleasant voice reading bits of poetry to May, or caroling out snatches of song to the child. After a time all this changed; he grew moody and restless, a shadow fell on the young woman's face; and Captain Jack would insist upon my going off with him for hours together—fishing, oystering, up to the market, any where and every where, so that it was out in the open air or on the free glad waters of the bay.

Heaven knows I tried to stay at home with them, but Captain Jack would have me go. I was afraid to openly rebel, because—well, because I did not care to breed a devil in that dormant but powerful brain.

Thus I was tied, rendered helpless by the honesty and confidence of Jack, the innocence of May, and the ungovernable passion of Ralph. I became a victim to all these terrible agencies for evil, without being able to think of a plan for ameliorating them.

Suddenly, and without any previous warning, the knot in this tangle became unraveled. There was only one way out of this whirlpool, and Ralph proposed it himself.

He came to me one night, pale as a spectre, and said, in a hoarse whisper, that we must go at daybreak.

"Go?" I said. "Go where—to the city?"

"To the city—the devil—the farthest ends of the earth!" he cried, raising his hands in a spasm of agony.

I said no more, but packed our portmanteaus and got to bed, while poor Ralph walked the floor till morning.

With the first beam of the sun came the cry of the baby in the adjoining room, and Ralph came over to the bed.

"If it hadn't been for the child—" he said, and paused.

"Well, thank God, then, for the child, Ralph," I said. "You'll say so yourself some day."

We were aboard a steamer the next week,

bound for the Spanish Main. From thence we set sail for Egypt; and Heaven knows where the restless soul of my comrade had not drawn me.

At last he came to me himself.

"I'm homesick, Hal," he said. "Let's get back to America."

Useless to descant upon my rapture. I was the most disgusted and worn-out pilgrim that the world had ever seen.

There were no perils for us by land or sea till we reached the Kill von Kull. To get to the dear old mansion where abode the dearest old Quaker lady that ever was moved by the spirit to have such a son as Ralph we had to take the river boat. And now the sun was setting over the familiar hills, the waters of the bay all aglow. I had reason to hope that in an hour more we would be safe.

But just then Ralph started to his feet. I had hoped he was asleep; but there was a slumbering light in his eye that told of brooding and discontent. "Come," he said; "before the light dies quite away I must have one look at the shore."

"Ralph," I cried, "don't! I ask it of you!"

But he was half-way up the stairs—not the stairs we had descended, the others, the ones that led to May and the child. It was destiny. They stood by the pillar in almost the same attitude as when I last saw them.

Ralph in mounting the last step tumbled forward.

"I beg pardon," he said; and then remained, with mouth agape and staring eyes, looking at the woman and the child.

She said not a word. It will be remembered that she had seen him before.

He staggered forward. "May," he said—"why, May!" then put his hand to his head in bewilderment. She still remained speechless; but her lips trembled, her hands left the shoulders of her child and unconsciously extended themselves to him.

"Yes, yes," he cried, "oh, come to me!" He drew her to his side, devouring her with his eyes, while her own fell—fell, filled with tears, under his burning gaze.

At that moment there was a cry of terror, a rush forward—too late. The child, who had climbed unnoticed upon the taffrail of the boat, fell overboard into the darkening water.

May struggled from the arms of Ralph, and would have thrown herself after the child, but I caught her and held her tight, while Ralph plunged after the boy.

Hundreds of people rushed to see; the train stopped on the bridge; a sort of paralysis fell upon all, except one little fishing boat: that one, impelled by powerful strokes, went after the swimmer and the child.

Once, when the little head—oh, how little it looked upon the big surging wave!—went under, the hands of the boatman seemed stiff with terror; a breathless second of despair followed; but Ralph was famous at swimming, and now his soul was in it. On he went, cheered by the multitude. Now the little head was seen again, the long curls of yellow hair drifting upon the cold green wave. The tide swept the light weight of the child to the bridge; and just as it was sinking again, Ralph grasped the little waif, and went under with it himself. Fainting and exhausted, battling, all clothed as he was, with the choking waves, he gave way at last, and a huge groan burst from the people. But the boatman was now close at hand, and dropping his oars, sprang into this gulf of blackness that seemed ready to devour them all.

But I saw the boatman's face as it went down, and took heart of grace. I wasn't a bit surprised when he came up with them both, and floated them with one arm to the boat, while with the other he cleared the waters that seemed not to hinder, even to aid, their old comrade. As the little boat with its dripping cargo came straight to our steamer, some of the women sobbed and others laughed with hysteric joy, while many a strong man could scarcely keep back the tears. One emotional fellow near by proposed as a vent to his feelings that a purse should be raised for the boatman.

"If it hadn't been for him the father and child would both have gone under," he said, carrying his hat around.

When they came to me for a contribution I refused. In the first place, the way to my pocket was obstructed by the fainting form of May, and, besides, it was ridiculous.

"You'd better give the money back again, now that you feel calmer," I said to the emotional chap. "It don't look well to pay a man for saving his own child. Besides, he don't want any money; he's rich."

"But we mean the boatman."

"So do I."

"Who in thunder is the other fellow, then, that jumped off the boat here?"

"A passenger, that's all. Why, it's nothing. You, or I, or any body would have done the same thing if we'd thought of it quick enough."

"Hum!" was the skeptical remark of this chap, walking off with a hatful of money.

Half an hour afterward the little lad was cuddled close to his mother's heart; Ralph was lying back among the cushions in the cabin; Captain Jack was close at hand, bursting all the buttons off an overcoat that the emotional fellow had insisted upon his accepting as a mark of his esteem, and looking at May and the child with all his honest soul in his eyes.

"Gracious God!" he said, going over to Ralph, "suppose you hadn't been aboard!"

"And suppose you hadn't been out with the boat?" said Ralph.

"Suppose we look above for a solution to these things?" I said.

We slept that night in our old quarters at Captain Jack's house on the shore. At sunrise the little chap was at his old trick again, and cried out from his sleep in the adjoining room. Ralph grasped my arm. "Thank God," he said—"thank God for the child!"

"I told you so three years ago," I rejoined.

"I'm cured now, Hal," said Ralph, "for once and all."

"You ought to be, Ralph: it took a miracle to do it."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	11.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	18.—St. Luke the Evangelist; Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	25.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	28.—SS. Simon and Jude.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday,	1.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity; All-Saints.
Sunday,	8.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	22.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	29.—First Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	30.—St. Andrew.

THE contest between the Roman Catholics and the people for the control of the public schools of Connecticut is arousing both parties to vigorous exertions. In New Haven the Catholic party was defeated, as we have already noticed, by a 1500 majority on the popular side. In Hartford the people were taken by surprise, but have rallied for the protection of the school system. On Sunday, September 27, Father WALSH, of St. Peter's Church, in that city, announced to his congregation a school meeting of Catholics to be held during the week, and urged their attendance. The Catholic scheme was to secure two of the three members of each District Committee. The Protestant citizens also issued circulars calling meetings. The meeting in the First District "was captured by a crowd of Romanists," who elected as chairman of the District School Committee the proprietor of a Roman Catholic bookstore. This man was chosen in the place of Mr. F. A. BROWN, City Treasurer of Hartford, who has been chairman of the District Committee for more than a quarter of a century. In another district meeting the excitement ran so high that the police were called in to preserve order. The expressions of public disapprobation following upon the discovery of this sectarian plot were so strong that at the school meetings held on the evening of September 30 the Catholic party was overwhelmingly defeated. The election of the Catholic bookseller in the First District was rescinded, and Mr. BROWN reinstated. Numbers of the Catholics of the city expressed opposition to this movement, and gave their votes against it.

The second National Council of the Congregational Churches (orthodox) opened in New Haven September 30. This Council meets triennially. It has neither legislative nor judicial powers, and is expressly forbidden by its constitution to act as a council of reference. The Hon. LAFAYETTE G. FOSTER, of Connecticut, was elected Moderator, and the Rev. Dr. MAGOUN, of Iowa, and the Rev. Dr. DWINELL, of California, Assistant Moderators. Dr. BACON welcomed the delegates to New Haven; Dr. R. S. STORRS, of Brooklyn, delivered the opening sermon, on the being and personality of God. On the second day an important report was presented on the consolidation of benevolent societies. It recommended that Congregationalists contribute to foreign missions through the American Board, to the freedmen through the American Missionary Association, to education through the American Education Society, and to home missions through the American Home Missionary Society.

The secretary reported an increase since 1871 of 204 Congregational churches, and of 17,161 members, making an annual gain of 5720. The increase in benevolent contributions in 1874 over 1871 is $259,260; the sum of $1,213,816 was reported for 1873. There are supported by the Congregational churches seven theological seminaries, with a total of 327 students.

The Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the diocese of New York began its sessions in this city September 30. The number of churches represented by delegates was seventy-two. Among the distinguished lay delegates present was the Hon. HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State; Bishop TOZER, of Zanzibar, was introduced to the Convention by the President. In his annual report Bishop POTTER made a survey of the growth of the diocese during the twenty years of his episcopate. In that time 56,598 persons have been confirmed, 357 deacons and 266 priests ordained; 76 new parishes have been admitted into the diocese, 110 churches consecrated, and others erected. The number of communicants admitted has been 31,552, and the amount of contributions $10,874,886. Great progress in missions and school work has been made in the city of New York.

The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. KNOWLTON, of the American Baptist Mission at Shanghai, China, on September 10. He had but recently returned to his post from a visit to the United States. Dr. KNOWLTON sailed for China in 1853, and was stationed for fifteen years at Ningpo, where he baptized 260 converts. He was the author of a valuable work entitled *The Foreign Missionary.*

We regret also to announce the death of Bishop HENRY WASHINGTON LEE, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Iowa. He had the misfortune a few weeks before his decease to fall down stairs; the fall sprained his right hand, on the palm of which an abscess subsequently formed. Amputation became necessary, but failed to save the bishop's life. Bishop LEE was a native of Connecticut, but grew up in Springfield, Massachusetts. He had presided over the diocese of Iowa for twenty years.

One of the most useful of the Christian institutions of Pittsburg is the "Young Men's Home," on Du Quesne Avenue, in a central part of the city. Rooms and board are given to young men at half the rates of hotels, and without the temptations of ordinary hotel life. The building and furniture have been provided at a cost of $75,000. The management is in the hands of a board of trustees, representing all evangelical denominations. The report for the last year—the third of its history—shows that 12,318 persons have been received at the Home, 67,888 free meals dispensed, 56,523 free lodgings furnished, 463 public religious services held in the hall, and that 2592 persons have signed the temperance pledge. Of all the persons received, 5770 were foreigners; 5359 were Roman Catholics; 8125 had no trades; 11,210 were single men; 4295 were under twenty-five years of age; 485 were over fifty years; 3000 persons have been furnished with useful employment.

Such "homes" should be established in all our great cities.

The National Conference of German Baptists, which, as we have already noted, met at Chicago September 17, represents eighty-five societies and 5000 members. These are comprised in an Eastern and a Western Conference. Their headquarters are at Cleveland, Ohio, where their principal paper, *Der Sendbote*, is published. They have also a theological department in connection with the Baptist Seminary at Rochester, New York.

The *Catholic Review* reports that Father POTTER, of the Society of Jesus, one of the exiled Swiss priests, has been made Minister of Public Worship and Education in the republic of Ecuador.

The Reformed Episcopalians are very much gratified with their success in Canada and Eastern British America. The St. John *Telegraph* reports that an endowed church in that city has been made over to them. Bishop CUMMINS has addressed large audiences at Ottawa, and more recently at Binghamton, New York. The Rev. Mr. LATANÉ, formerly of the diocese of Virginia, is officiating in Louisville.

It was not without good reason that the last Old Catholic Congress was held in the Baden city of Freiburg. Baden has been before Prussia in opposition to the papal claims. Bishop REINKENS's last confirmation tour through the country was a triumphal progress; he was every where received with the ringing of bells, torchlight processions, and deputations. The Church of England was represented in the Congress by the Dean of Chester and Professor MAYOR, of Cambridge; the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States by the Bishop of Pittsburg and Dr. LANGDON, of Geneva; the Eastern Church by the Greek Arch-priest from Wiesbaden and delegates from the Russian "Friends of Spiritual Enlightenment;" and Italy by the Marchese GONZAGA. Bishop REINKENS claimed that at least 100,000 Germans were Old Catholics. He said that in traveling through Germany he had found multitudes who were silent sympathizers; he had become convinced during his tour that "the movement was growing slowly in the heart of the nation." He was full of hope for the future. They were attaining the object of Old Catholicism—the taking away of every thing that stood between man and God. Professor VON SCHULTE was elected president. In his sketch of the progress made he stated that there were twelve Old Catholic theological students at the University of Bonn the last term. The Congress renewed its claim to a share of the church property, and asked for an ecclesiastical census of the population, in order to determine their rights in every parish. It is their wish that every elector be asked if he accepts the Vatican decrees of 1870. All who reject the decrees they will claim as Old Catholic. In order to bring the movement home to the people it was resolved to appoint a central committee, and to intrust to it the work of diffusing information by means of lecturers and lectures. The tone of the Old Catholics is now bolder and more confident than ever before.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHERE has the water gone? is the question which has been agitating the citizens of Conshohocken. Now Conshohocken is so near Philadelphia—about a dozen miles therefrom—that nearly two years ago it resolved to follow the good example of big cities, and construct works by which to supply the town with water. So a fine reservoir was built upon a hill above the village, and the Schuylkill River furnished the supply of water. Every thing was completed last fall, and during the winter there was an abundance of water, and even during the drought of summer the supply was good. But one morning about the middle of September the keeper of the toll-gate near the reservoir hill noticed that the fence surrounding the reservoir had disappeared. Surprised at this singular circumstance, he proceeded to investigate the mystery. A cautious inspection showed that part of the southern embankment had dropped straight downward, leaving a hole about thirty feet in diameter, and the water had vanished with the wall, except a little which remained upon the uninjured floor of the reservoir. An investigation of the cavity showed that the fence and sod were resting about twenty-five feet below the embankment, but no water could be found, although the day before there had probably been more than a million gallons in the reservoir. The whole of it had utterly disappeared. And the good people of Conshohocken wonder whether there is some huge mammoth cave beneath them through which this body of water has been conveyed away, leaving no trace behind. There is a story told of a bottomless pit, near a marble quarry, about two miles from Conshohocken. It can not be filled, although, it is said, enough dirt has been dumped into it to make a good-sized mountain. Therefore a suspicion exists that the country thereabouts may be underlaid with great caves of limestone formation.

At the American Institute Fair the six-oared shell in which the Columbia College boys won the championship on Saratoga Lake last July is on exhibition. It is suspended over the main aisle near the entrance. There is also a fine model in ebony, whitewood, red cedar, and black-walnut of the hull of the *City of Peking*, the material so arranged as to show the diagonal and water lines.

We have previously made mention in these columns of the Staten Island Home for Poor Children—a charity which has particularly commended itself to public favor. During the past summer nearly four thousand children have shared in the pleasures of this Home. The little ones have been sent by installments, every week, from their wretched tenement homes to this charming retreat, commanding a land and sea view, and specially fitted up for their comfort. Nourishing food, and an abundance of it, has been provided, and pale faces have grown rosy and round under the invigorating influences.

The "Feast of Tabernacles," which was recently celebrated by the Jews of this city, is the harvest festival which was of old annually celebrated by the Israelites when they inhabited Palestine. One of the peculiar rites attendant upon the present observance of this festival is the erection of small booths adjoining the synagogues, in imitation of the booths or tents inhabited by the children of Israel in their wanderings for forty years through the wilderness. These booths, or "succos," as they are called, are oftentimes very pretty arbors, tastefully decorated, and in which are performed certain religious ceremonies peculiar to the festival. Sometimes meals are served in these arbors. The religious services in the synagogues are distinguished by the use of palm branches, decorated with sprigs of myrtle and willow.

The genial familiarity of the Empress of Austria is quite a surprise to the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, where she has been making herself quite at home. In fact, the islanders are charmed with her beauty and frankness. She was much pleased with some athletic sports at Ventnor not long since; particularly with the performance of a young man named Toogood. The Empress made special inquiry after him, and the report was circulated that she proposed to commemorate his ability by calling her best hunter by his name. However that may have been, a substantial token of admiration appeared in a few days in the shape of a handsome silver vase.

It is a common custom to wet the winter's store of coal, for the purpose of laying the dust, on putting it into the cellar. The London *Medical Record* condemns the practice as most injurious to health, causing sore throats and various other evils. By wetting a mass of freshly broken coal and putting it in a warm cellar it is heated to such a degree that carbureted and sulphureted hydrogen are given off for long periods of time and pervade the whole house. The fire-damp of the coal mines arises from the slow decomposition of coal at temperatures but little above the atmosphere, but under augmented pressure.

Arrangements, it is said, are in progress for improving our mail service by having express trains carrying only mail cars, which will have the right of way and run at maximum speed. The experiment is to be tried first between New York and Chicago.

The French Institute has appointed a committee to investigate the conflicting reports concerning the death of Mr. Charles Lucas, a member of the Institute. To be sure, Mr. Lucas himself has written to the newspapers to say that he is not dead; but it is so easy nowadays for deception to be practiced that it is thought wise not only to take the testimony of Mr. Lucas, but of others also! Perhaps a man may suppose he is alive when he is not.

Garibaldi's dwelling at Caprera is of the most simple kind. The room occupied by himself contains only a fire-place, bed, a few chairs, a table, sideboard, and a heap of books. One or two paintings adorn the walls. There are only three persons with the general: M. Basso, an old female cook, and a young countryman. The island produces an abundance of almonds, figs, and grapes.

Since May 1 the ladies interested in the Brooklyn Flower Charity have distributed 15,444 bouquets to patients in hospitals and the poor at their dwellings. Also books, papers, and fruit have been distributed.

Eight hundred tons of grapes, valued at $125,000, have been shipped from Vineland during the present season. Appropriately named is Vineland.

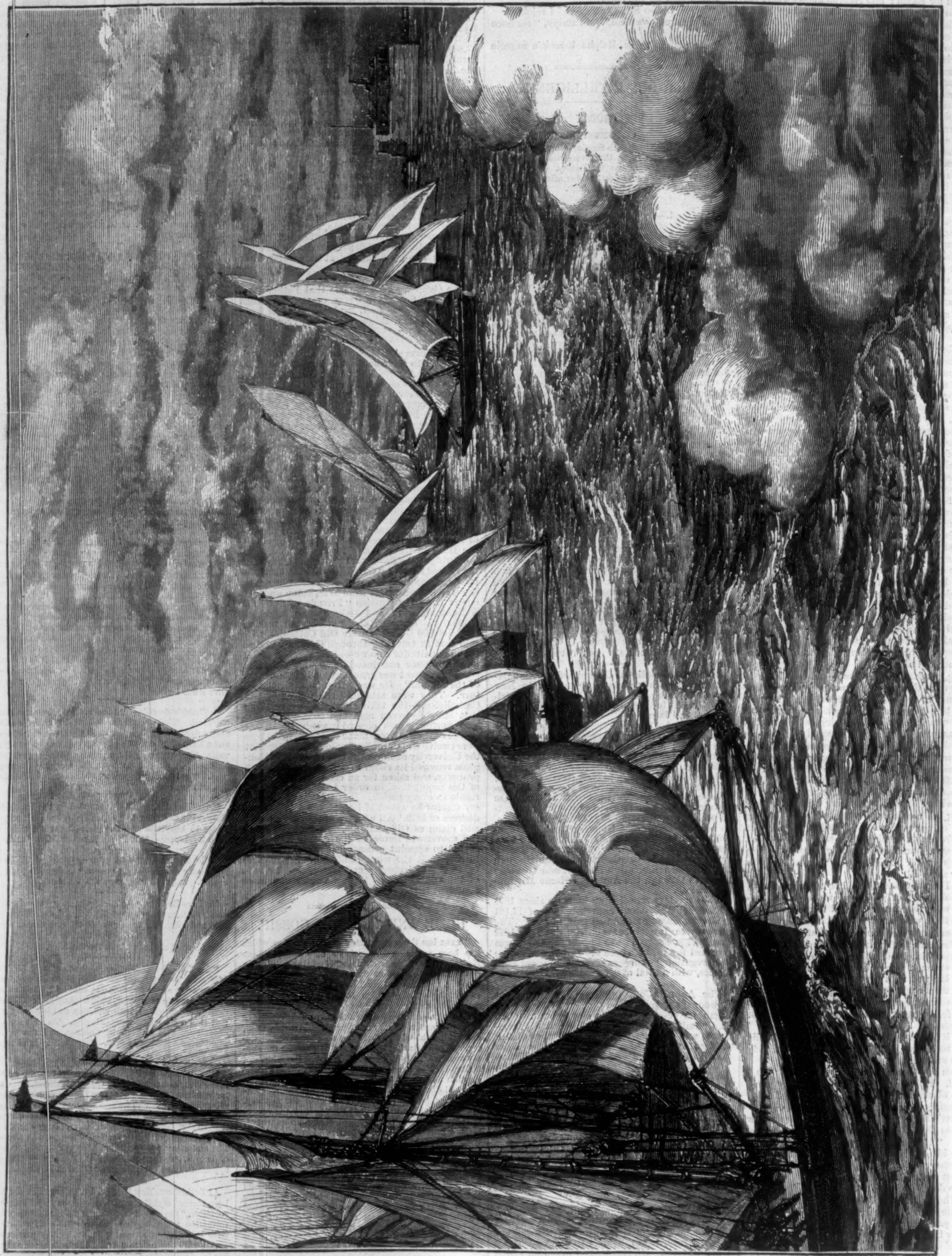
Madame Zubelin, a Spanish lady, after seven unsuccessful attempts to ascend Mont Blanc, on account of cold and wind, has accomplished the task at last. She spent four nights in the hut on the Grands Mulets, and then reached the summit on the fifth day.

"An Imperial Collection of Ancient and Modern Literature" is the title of a fine encyclopedia, which embraces every subject included in that name, and is now offered for sale at Peking, China. Any lover of books desirous of making a little addition to his library will find this a convenient opportunity. To be sure the encyclopedia is written in Chinese, and the whole number of volumes is 6109. But then it is cheap—only about $20,000.

Mlle. Albani—or rather Emma La Jeunesse, for such is her real name, she having assumed Albani, from Albany, in this State—comes from Europe with a brilliant reputation. A few years ago she was singing in concert and oratorio in Albany, and her great success therein persuaded her friends to send her to Europe to complete her musical education. She went to France first and afterward to Italy, where, under the tutelage of Lamperter, she made such rapid progress that an appearance was soon effected for her at La Scala.

At Bethlehem, New Hampshire, an organization has been formed styled the "United States Hay Fever Association," the object of which is "the seeking of information which shall serve to relieve all suffering with this disease, wherever found." Any person afflicted with hay fever or rose cold can become a member by signing the constitution. The only obligation resting upon members is to report to the recording secretary the discovery of any remedy or source of relief which may come to his or her knowledge at any time "during their natural life, and *afterward if permitted.*" The next meeting will be held at Bethlehem on the last Monday in August, 1875.

The gem of the Montpensier Collection is "The Virgin of the Swathing-Band," so called from the swaddling-clothes upon which the infant Christ lies. This picture is valued at $100,000, and was originally painted for the Count of Aquila, and remained in the possession of that nobleman's family at Seville for more than two hundred years. In 1840 it came into the possession of the Louvre, and after the death of Louis Philippe was purchased by the Duc de Montpensier for his private gallery. There are three originals of Velasquez, the great Spanish master, in the collection—a portrait, supposed to be of himself, and two equestrian portraits, one of Philip IV. and the other of the Prime Minister of that monarch, the Duke of Olivarez.



THE ROYAL ALBERT CLUB REGATTA—A FLYING START.

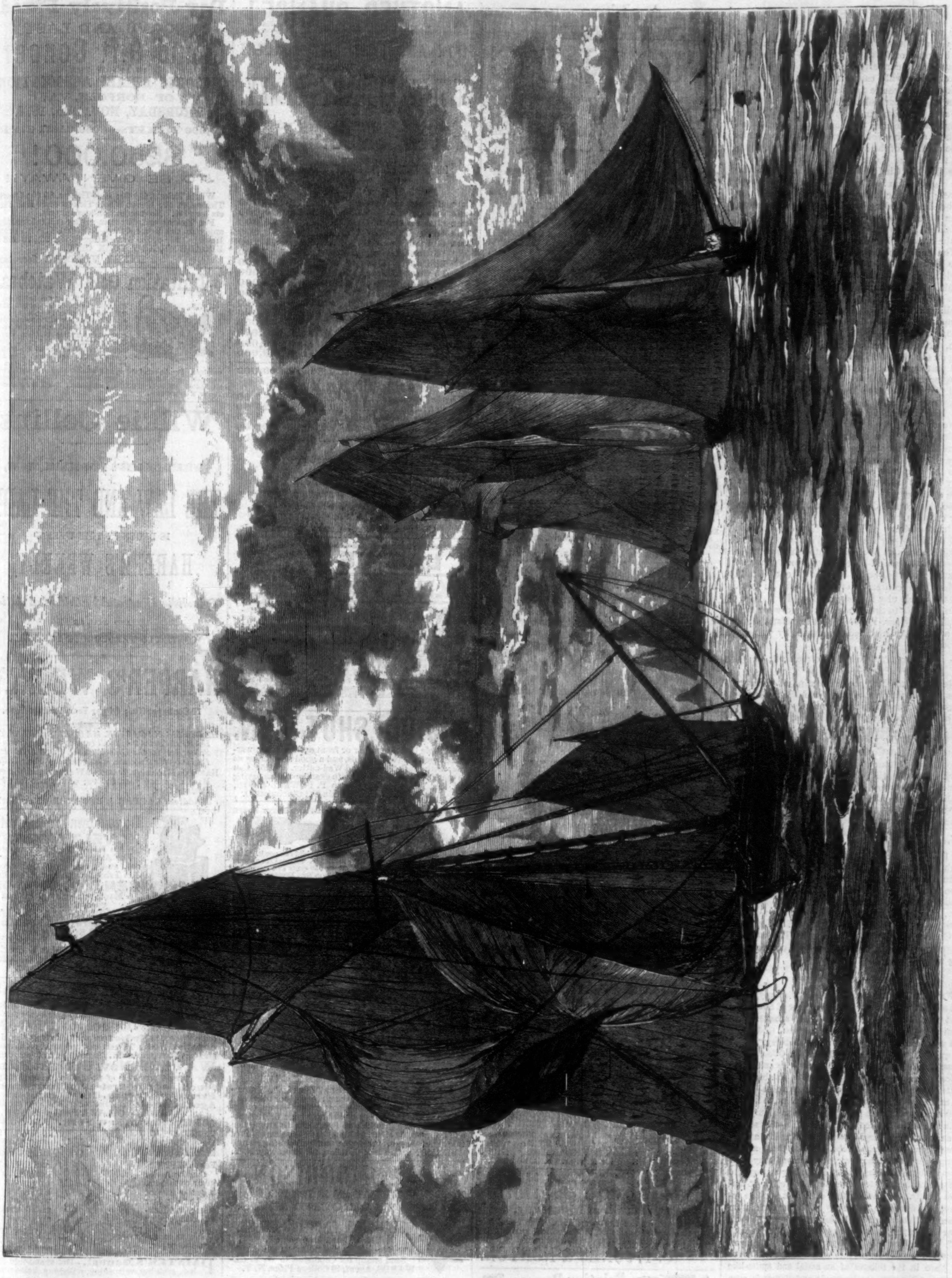
YACHTING.

The illustrations on this and the opposite page represent the start and the finish of the recent Royal Albert Club Yacht Regatta off the Isle of Wight. The start was thus managed: An imaginary line was drawn between the Committee's yacht and the fort in the distance, and beyond this line no competitor was allowed to pass before the firing of the signal-gun. The yachts lay off and on till the preparatory gun was fired, precisely five minutes before ten. The rules require that the time should be nicely calculated, for the yachts come swooping down in order to cross the line the instant the starting gun is fired, and be well under way without being ahead of time. The strength of the wind and tide and the sailing qualities of each craft have to be taken into account in making this preliminary start. A yacht that overshoots the line before the signal is obliged to return for a new start, thus losing more time than if the line were crossed a few seconds after the signal. In the case of the regatta to which our illustrations refer the wind was directly aft, and the firing of the gun was the signal for the setting of every scrap of extra canvas that could be made to draw. In this way a splendid flying start was made, and all the yachts got off in fine style. At the finish, running back to the Committee's boat, the hulls and spars of the competing yachts seemed fairly smothered under clouds of bulging canvas, the effect of which was extremely beautiful.

A PHILOSOPHER'S GRAVE.

The correspondent of a London newspaper gives the following highly interesting account of a recent visit to the Protestant burying-ground at Avignon, France, where the late John Stuart Mill lies buried by the side of his wife—a spot which the great thinker held so sacred after her death, and where he was accustomed to pass so many days, toward the close of his own life, in sorrowful meditation upon her lovable qualities and intellectual faculties:

"The cemetery is gained by a winding avenue shaded with juniper-trees, branching from the outer Boulevart of Avignon. It passes through rank fields intersected with open drains, in which sluggishly circulate the turgid waters of the Durance Irrigation Canal. The gate of the cemetery is set in a semicircular wall of gray stone, massive and severe, surmounted with funereal urns. In the grassy space facing the ponderous doors sat the *concierge's* wife, mending linen. On hearing what grave I wanted to see, she told me that her husband was there watering the flowers. But she added that she would be happy to conduct me thither. Our way lay through a grass-grown avenue, the first to the right of the gate, shaded by vigorous and wide-spreading evergreens of almost wild luxuriance. On one side is a hedge, with a narrow fringe of plantation dividing the cemetery from the dark meadows, and on the other tombstones, mortuary chapels, mounds, and crosses in stone, in marble, in wood, and in cast iron. The closeness of the



THE ROYAL ALBERT CLUB REGATTA—THE FINISH.—[See Page 860.]

graves and the frequent patches of freshly upturned earth bear witness to the insalubrity of the Avignon climate, which, what with Mistral and malaria, is reported one of the worst in France.

"After proceeding for about five minutes my guide turned into a walk at right angles to the avenue. There is nothing funereal in this alley, which was designed and planted by Mill himself. It runs between trim edges of bright evergreens, backed with taller shrubs, many of which are flowering and leafy trees, the latter suffered to grow as their own force directs. This fair alley might be the entrance to a Bonchurch villa, or to an English mansion at Cannes. Quite at the extremity we came to a corner where, embosomed in the rich summer bloom and blossom of a well-watered south of France plane, stands a sarcophagus of white marble, compact of grain, highly polished, and spotless, surmounted with a slab of the same material. 'This is the tomb,' said the woman; 'that is my husband watering the flowers round it, and there' (pointing to a green wooden niche cut into the myrtle and laurestina hedge facing the unpretentious but elegant monument) 'is the spot where Monsieur Mill was in the habit of meditating.' The pleasant alley is at right angles to another, equally well kept and planted. They bound two sides of the piece of square ground forming the Protestant burying-place of Avignon, and were conceded to John Stuart Mill and his heirs forever by the municipality, to be used as an approach to the grave in the corner where they meet. The white marble tomb is devoid of sculpture or mortuary emblem. On the slab there is a long inscription speaking of the lovable qualities and intellectual faculties of Mrs. Mill, and the void her death caused in the existence of her husband, the author of this record, which is in substance the same as the dedication to his *Essay on Liberty*. Two sides of the sarcophagus are hidden by the angle of one of the hedges bounding the walk. But on those visible are inscribed the dates of Mill's birth and death. A low wire fence protects the grave and the little garden round it from too near approach.

"This garden is now in full bloom, and gives the impression of being carefully tended. The *concièrge* was not, as his wife said, watering the flowers, but busy clearing away insects from the leaves of a Provence rose. He is charged with keeping the walks and little garden plot in order; and as 'Monsieur Mill' had in his lifetime a particular dislike to seeing parasites on the flowers near madame's grave, out of respect to his memory he continued to remove them. 'Monsieur was *bien bon*,' interrupted the wife, 'and the day will come, they tell me, when Avignon will give fêtes in honor of him and madame, as of Petrarch and Laura.' Numbers of English, American, and German tourists come to see the tomb which I have just endeavored to sketch. The print-sellers of Avignon are having photographs taken of it, and of the house, which it is not easy to visit, the custodian having received general orders not to let visitors so much as enter the grounds."

GLOVES.

IN ancient writ much confusion exists between shoes and gloves, for the expressions "a shoe for the hand or foot" or "a glove for the foot or hand" were convertible phrases. David says, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," and in the Book of Ruth we are told that men took off their shoes and exchanged them as pledges of faith, and as a testimony in contracts. The Chaldee paraphrast translates the word into glove instead of shoe, and the Talmud explains the word as "the clothing of the hand." From this explanation the learned Casauban draws the acute inference that the Chaldees wore gloves. And who can doubt him? Even the patriarchs wore gloves; for Isaac knew his son Esau by touching his hand and finding it hairy, or, in other terms, Esau wore the skins of beasts for gloves. Rebekah put "the skins of the kids of the goats" on the hands of Jacob.

The earliest mention of gloves is by Homer, who tells us that Laertes wore gloves, that his implements of husbandry might not blister his hands. The most appalling description of gloves is in Virgil, where he describes the boldest hearts quailing at the mere sight of the gloves of Eryx, composed of seven folds of the thickest bull's hide, sewed and stiffened with knots of lead and iron. Nothing can be more distinct than "putting on the gloves" in the ring of modern pugilists and putting on such gloves as these. We have seen the mailed gloves of chivalry, "where great iron pikes protect the knuckles;" and who that has ever visited the Ashmolean Museum has not looked with interest there at the famed glove or gauntlet of Guy of Warwick, with its welted scales and studs of metal trespassing from the legitimate region of the glove to the very elbow? No wonder this glove, when thrown into the ring, was so seldom taken up; for the very idea of lifting such a glove without a portable steam-engine would frighten any knight of these degenerate days, not excepting those of city creation.

But the gloves of Eryx, of Guy of Warwick, and of all Homer's and Virgil's heroes, and of King Arthur's to boot, sink into absolute insignificance compared to the monstrous glove of Charles V., who, being born at Ghent (Gand), declared, in contempt of Paris, that he could put the whole city in his glove (gand).

In contrast to the hands that could wear such terrific coverings, let us take Cleaveland's idea of a lady's palm made delicate by wearing gloves:

"So soft, 'tis air but once removed;
Tender, as 'twere a jelly gloved."

Reverting to Esau, we are reminded of Musonius, who in the first century complains bitterly of the most unchristian degeneracy of persons not invalids wearing gloves, "clothing their hands and feet in soft hairy coverings." Seven centuries after this the Church anathematized glove-wearers, and the Council of Aix, in the reign of Louis le Débonnaire, prohibited by an edict the monks from wearing any gloves but sheep-skin. But all the powers of the councils, popes, and cardinals could not accomplish this object, and glove-wearing by the monks and other ecclesiastics is a subject of frequent complaint by ascetics. The Council of Poictiers confined the use of "sandals, rings, and gloves to bishops," and we find that the abbots took the latter order in high dudgeon.

In different parts of Europe, when "the wisdom of our ancestors" flourished, the transfer of lands, of feudal rights, of the sees of bishops, etc., was by giving a glove, and the form of privation was by taking the gloves off. The Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward II., was deprived, *inter alias*, of his gloves for corresponding with the Scots.

WHAT Dr. South said, in his quaint wise way, about the strawberry—that aromatic harbinger of Summer—that "Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry; but, doubtless, also, God never did make a better berry than the strawberry," might be quite as truly said of the diamond. Other stones come into and go out of fashion, and rise and fall in price accordingly; but the diamond is so absolutely matchless in its purity and perfection as a gem—it can be made, by skillful and artistic treatment, to harmonize so admirably with all styles of human beauty, and with all hues and devices of human attire—that simply as an ornament it keeps its standard value like a cashmere shawl or a velvet robe. Unlike these always sumptuous articles, however, the diamond may even be made by a judicious jeweler an entirely appropriate adjunct of the toilettes of youthful as well as of mature beauty. The notion that diamonds must be reserved for dowagers, has hardly any better foundation than the illiteration which links together "Briton's beer and buttered toast," because "they all begin with B." When diamonds are of great size and value, and are set in massive forms, they no doubt look sadly out of place in the toilette of an aerial and sprite-like maiden. But there are diamonds and diamonds, even as one star differeth from another star in glory—all stars being always glorious. At the warerooms of STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), the diamond, like all the other costly materials of the artistic industry of that house, will be found treated not on any uniform conventional theory of its capabilities, but as an element of beauty proper to be introduced into the most various combinations of the jeweler's art, from the antique necklace worthy to glitter around the snowy throat of one of Rubens' "full-blown beauties" to the modest sparkling drop that lights a rosy shell for the ear of a budding "daughter of April."—[*Com.*]

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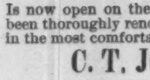

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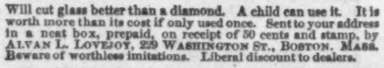

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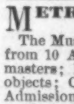

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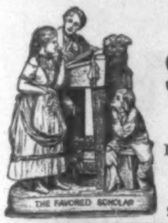

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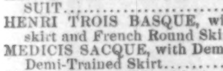

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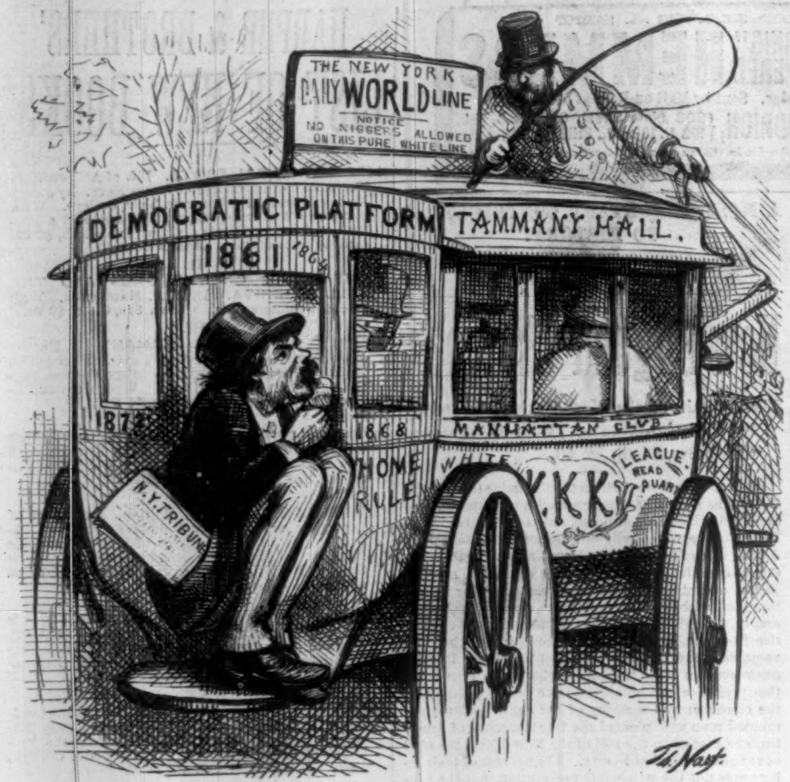

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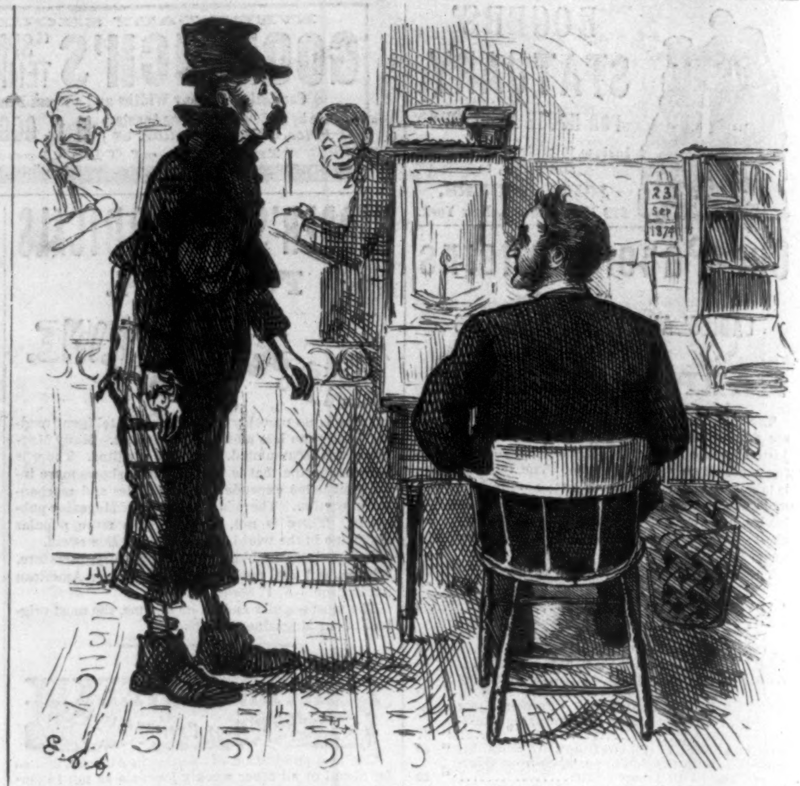

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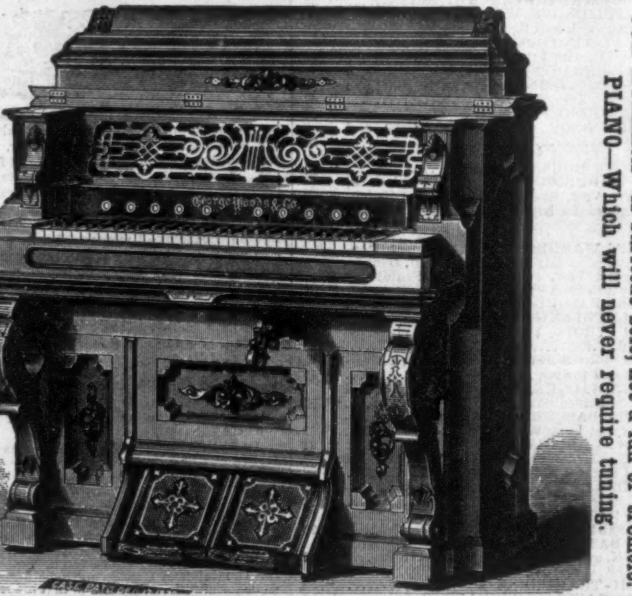

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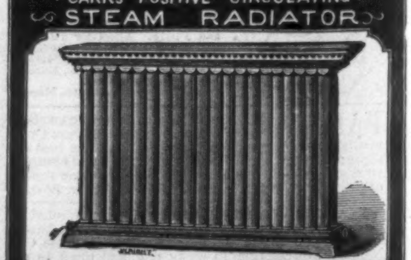

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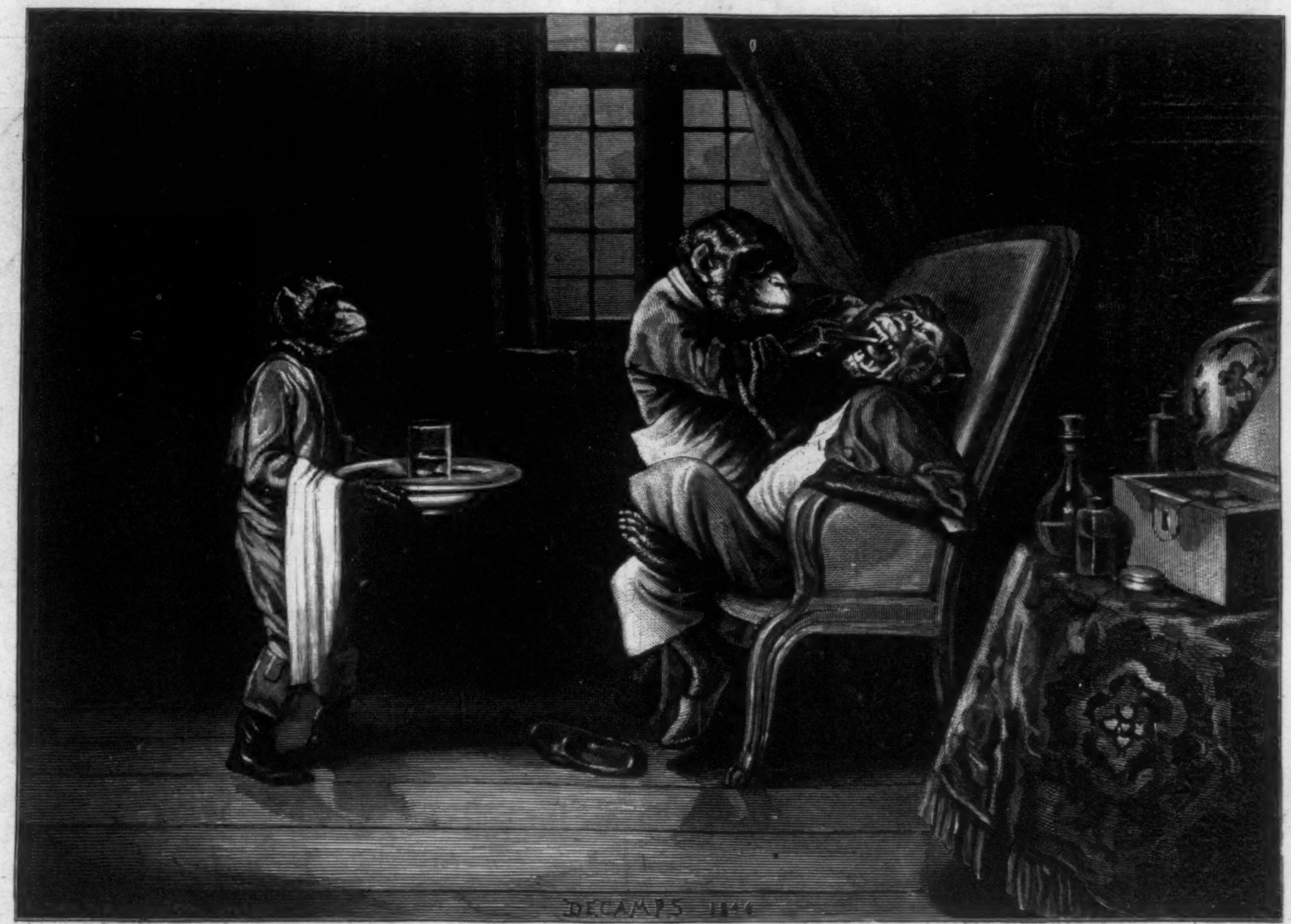

THE MONKEY AS A DENTIST.

THE MONKEY AS A DENTIST.

THE picture from which this engraving is made was first exhibited by the artist DECAMPS in Paris in 1842. It made a great sensation, and won almost universal approval. In the delineation of monkeys DECAMPS particularly excelled, and was immensely popular. All his pictures of monkeys were photographed by the artist, and criticised by T. GAUTIER and others of the period. Rich amateurs affected the theme and style of work. After DECAMPS's decease Prince DRUNDOFF attended the sale of the artist's effects, and purchased one of the pictures, giving for it the sum of 26,000 francs.

DECAMPS first gained publicity as a painter in 1830. At that time he had just made a long Oriental tour, and now on his return sent to the Salon a sketch which he fondly hoped would bring money and fame. The picture, however, was rejected by the committee, on the ground that it was unfit for public exhibition. DECAMPS was naturally indignant at this, and swore revenge. A year elapsed; DECAMPS sent to the Salon a picture representing a number of monkeys trying to appreciate a work of art. The meaning was transparent. On recognizing their caricatures so happily drawn, the committee laughed. DECAMPS was admitted to the Salon, and thenceforth his reputation was secure.

DECAMPS also made very clever caricatures of CHARLES X., but they were soon suppressed as too sharp, and the artist himself narrowly escaped prosecution.

(Continued from No. 928, page 847.)

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A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(*Continued.*)

"BUT OH! THE THOUGHTS WE STAND UPON."

HUMPHREY was looking at Mrs. Penwyn, surprised, nay, shocked, by the change which her beauty had suffered since he had last seen the proud handsome face, only a few months ago. There was the old brightness in her smile, the same grand carriage of the nobly formed head, but her face had aged somehow. The eyes seemed to have grown larger, the once perfect oval of the cheek had sharpened to a less lovely outline, the clear dark complexion had lost its carnation glow, and that warm golden tinge which had reminded Humphrey of one of De Musset's Andalusian beauties had faded to an ivory pallor.

Madge was as kind as ever, and seemed no less gay. Yet Humphrey fancied there was a change even in the tone of her voice. It had lost its old glad ring.

The stranger was presented to the guests of the house. The younger ladies received him with something akin to enthusiasm, there being only one eligible young man at Penwyn Manor, and he being hopelessly entangled in the fair Viola's silken net. Lady Cheshunt asked if Mr. Clissold had come straight from London, and on being answered in the affirmative, ordered him to sit down by her immediately and tell her all the news of the metropolis—about that dreadful murder in the Bow Road, and about the American comedian who had been making people laugh at the Royal Bouffonerie Theatre, and about the new French novel which the *Saturday Review* said was so shocking that no respectable woman ought to look at it, and which Lady Cheshunt was dying to read.

Humphrey staid for afternoon tea, which was served in the hall, Viola officiating at a Sutherland table in the broad recess which had once been the chief entrance.

"So you have abandoned your ancient office, Mrs. Penwyn?" said Humphrey, as he carried the lady of the manor her cup.

"Madge has not been very strong lately, and has been obliged to avoid even small fatigues," answered Churchill, who was standing near his wife's chair.

"There is a cloud on the horizon," thought Humphrey, as he set out on his homeward walk. "Not any bigger than a man's hand, perhaps, but the cloud is there!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"OH, MUTTER! MUTTER! HIN IST HIN!"

HAVING come to Borcel End to perform a certain duty, Humphrey Clissold gave himself up heart and soul to the task in hand. Pleasant as it might have been to him to spend the greater part of his time in the agreeable society of Mrs. Penwyn and her guests, playing croquet on sunny afternoons, or joining in a match of billiards in the old hall, meeting the best people to be met in that part of the world, and living that smooth smiling life in which care seems to have no part—pleasant as this might have been, he gave it up without a sigh, and spent his days and nights strolling about the farm, or sitting by the hearth where the sick woman's presence maintained an unchanging gloom.

Every day showed the swift progress of disease. The malady, which had made its first approaches with insidious slowness, was now advancing upon the sufferer with appalling rapidity. Every day the hectic of the dying woman's cheek took a more feverish brightness, the glassy eye a more awful light. Humphrey felt that there was no time to be lost. His eyes, less accustomed to the aspect of the invalid than the eyes of kindred who had seen her daily throughout the progress of decline, clearly perceived that the end was not far off. Whatever secrets were hidden in that proud heart must be speedily revealed, or would remain buried there till the end of time. Yet how was he, almost a stranger, to win confidence which had been refused to a son?

He tried his uttermost to conciliate Mrs. Trevanard by small attentions. He adjusted the window-curtains so as to temper the light for those weary eyes. He arranged the invalid's pillow as tenderly as Martin could have done. He read to her, sometimes reading passages of Scripture which she herself selected, and which were frequently of an awful and denunciatory character—the cry of prophets and holy men against the iniquities of their age.

Those portions of Holy Writ which he himself chose were of a widely different character. He read all that is most consoling, most tender, in the Gospel. The words he chose were verily messengers of peace. And even that stubborn heart was touched; the woman who had prided herself on her own righteousness felt that she was a sinner.

One afternoon when Humphrey and Mrs. Trevanard were alone by the fireside—Martin and his father being both at Seacomb market, and old Mrs. Trevanard being confined to her own room with a sharp attack of rheumatism—the invalid appeared struck by the young man's kindness in remaining with her.

"I should be dull company for you at the best of times," she said, "and it's worse for you now that I'm so ill. Why don't you go for a ride or a drive, and enjoy the country, instead of sitting in this dull old room with me?"

"I am very glad to keep you company, Mrs. Trevanard," he answered, kindly. "You must find it dull on market-days, when there's no one here."

"Yes, the hours seem very long. I make one of the girls sit here at her needle-work. But that's almost worse than loneliness, to hear the click, click, click of the needle, and see the girl sitting there, with no more sense in her than a statue, or not so much, for a statue does no harm. And then one gets thinking of the past, and the things we have done which we ought not to have done, and the things left undone which we ought to have done. It's a dreary thought. When I was well and strong and able to bustle about the house I used to think I had done my duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call me. I knew that I had never spared myself, or given myself up to the lusts of the flesh, such as eating and drinking and slothfulness. The hardest crust or the poorest bit off the joint was always good enough for me. I was always the first up of a morning, summer and winter, and my hands were never idle. But since I've been ill, and sitting here all day, I've come to think myself a sinner. That's a hard thought, Mr. Clissold, after a life of care and labor."

"Perhaps it is the best thought any of us can have," he answered, "the natural conclusion of every Christian who considers the surpassing merits of his Saviour, and sees how far his highest endeavors fall short of that Divine standard. Remember the story of the publican."

And then he read that sublimely simple record of the two men who went up into the Temple to pray.

He had hardly finished when Mrs. Trevanard burst into tears, the first he had ever seen her shed. The sight shocked him, and yet inspired hope.

"I have been like the Pharisee—I have trusted in my own righteousness," she said at last, drying her tears.

"Dear Mrs. Trevanard," Humphrey began, earnestly, "there are few of us altogether blameless; there are few lives in which some wrong has not been done to others—some mistake made which perhaps has gone far to wreck the happiness of others. The uttermost we can do, the uttermost God will demand from us, is repentance and atonement—such poor atonement, at least, as we may be able to offer for the wrong we have done. But it is a bitter thing to outstand God's hour, and hold by our wrong-doing, to appear before Him as obstinate sinners who know their sin, yet cleave to it."

The words moved her, for she turned her face away from him, and buried it on her pillow. He could see the feeble frame shaken by stifled sobs.

"If you have wronged any one, and seek to atone for that wrong now in this eleventh hour—" said Humphrey.

Mrs. Trevanard turned quickly round, interrupting him. "Eleventh hour!" she repeated. "Then they have all made up their minds that I am to die?"

"Indeed, no. Your husband and son, and all about you, most earnestly desire your recovery. But you have been so long suffering from this trying disease, without improvement that a natural fear has arisen—"

"They are right," she said, with a gloomy look. "I feel that my doom is upon me."

"It will not shorten your days or lessen your chances of recovery if you prepare for the worst, Mrs. Trevanard," said Humphrey, determined to push the question to its ultimate issue. "Many a man defers making his will from a dim notion that to make it is to bring death nearer to him; and then some day death approaches him unawares, and his wishes remain unfulfilled. We must all die; so why should we not live prepared for death?"

"I thought I was prepared," replied Mrs. Trevanard, "because I have clung to the Scriptures."

"The Gospel imposes certain duties upon us, and if those duties are unfulfilled, our holding by the Bible will avail us very little. It isn't reading the Bible, but living according to its teaching, that will make us Christians."

"You talk to me boldly," said the sick woman; "as if you knew I was a sinner."

"I know nothing about you, Mrs. Trevanard—except that you seem to have been a good wife and a good mother."

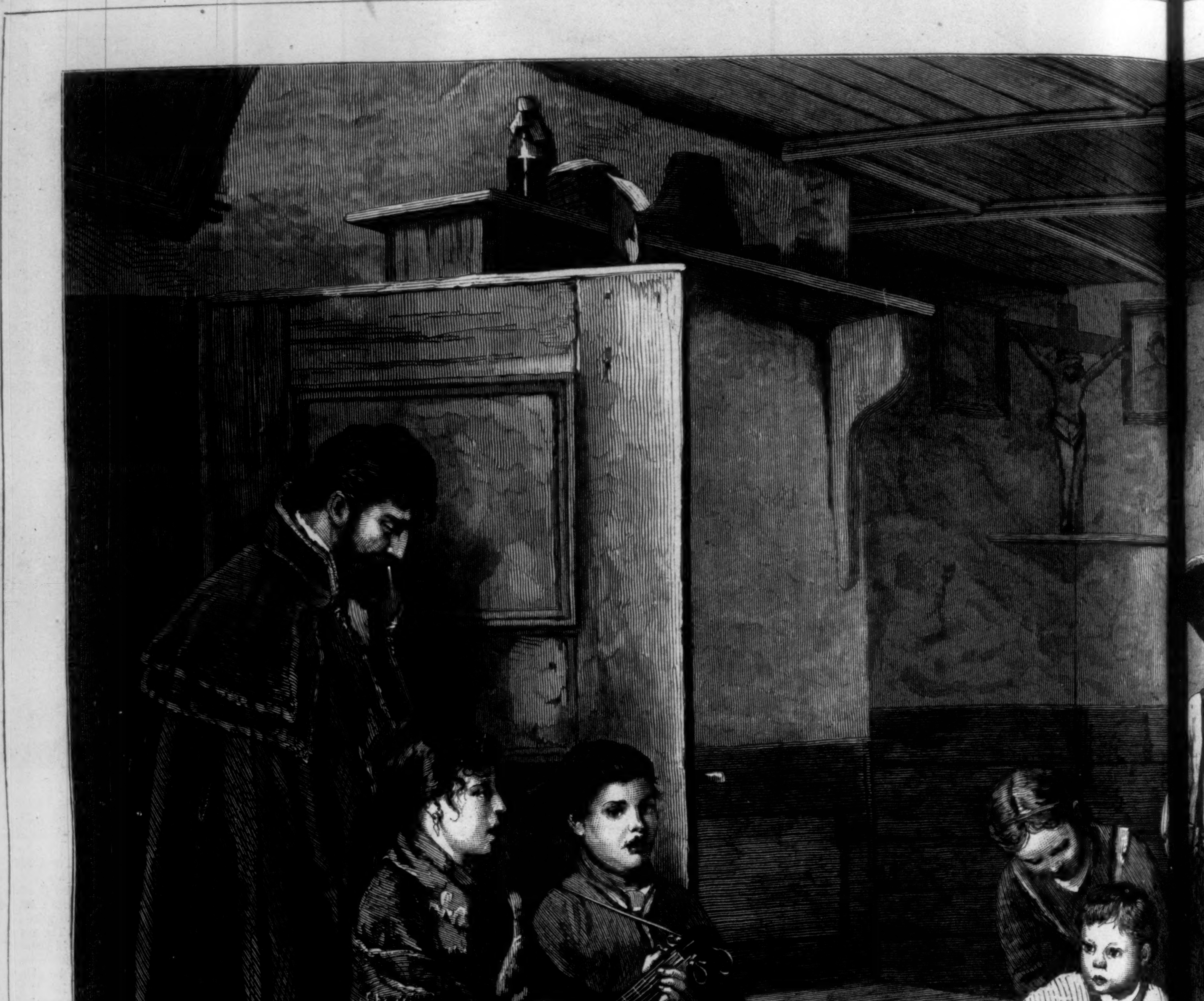
At that word mother Bridget Trevanard winced as if an old wound had been touched.

"But I believe that you have some heavy burden on your mind," continued Humphrey, "and that you will know neither rest nor peace until that load has been lightened."

"You are a shrewd judge," said Mrs. Trevanard, bitterly. "And pray how came you to think this of me?"

"The conviction has grown out of various circumstances, which I need not trouble you with.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 868.]



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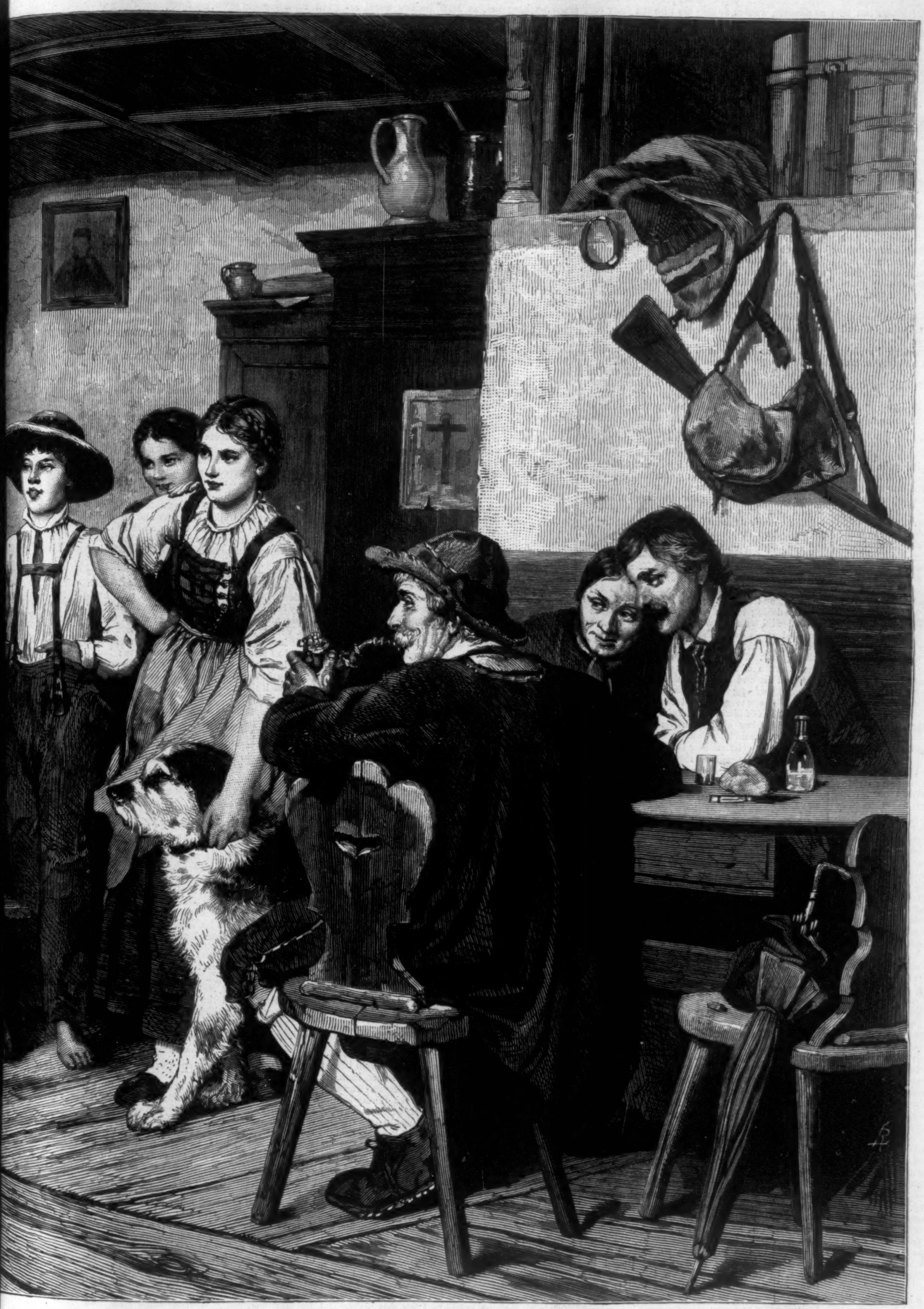

D.—[SEE PAGE 868.]